

English Reprints

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse

1575

2. The Steele Glas

[Commenced April 1575 Finished April 1576]
April 1, 1576

3. The Complaynt of Philomene

[Commenced April 1562 Continued in April 1575 Finished 3 April 1576]
April 1576

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S

A Remembrance of the well imployed Life, and
godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, etc.

[Ent. Stat. Hall 11 Nov. 1577]

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CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembraunce*, at pp 15-30)
of

some of the principal events
in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet

* Probable or approximate dates.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|
| Youth | } | <p>1509, Apr 22. Henry VIII begins to reign.</p> <p>* 1535-37 GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J Gascoigne, p 18 The date or place of his birth is not known If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died</p> <p>Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I staid in westmerland' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.</p> |
| At Cambridge | } | <p>1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.</p> <p>He goes to Cambridge 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [see 1576]</p> <p>Pray for the nouces of our noble Realme
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And <i>Cantabridge</i>, shal haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p 77.</p> |
| A member of Gray's Inn. | } | <p>1553. July 6 Mary succeeds to the throne.</p> <p><i>Harl MS 1912</i>, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671, together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590, fol 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters'</p> <p>1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn 43 admitted in the same year <i>Harl. MS 1912, fol 33</i></p> <p>1557 May 24 Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoigne,' <i>Idem, fol. 204</i></p> <p>1558. Nov 17 Elizabeth begins to reign.</p> <p>'The lost tyme of my youth mispent,' p. 42. 'Disinherited,' p 17</p> <p>1562 Apr Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' <i>The Complaint of Philomene</i> 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmsford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the <i>De profundis</i> which is placed amongst my other <i>Poesies</i>, leauing the complaint of <i>Phylomene</i> vnfinished' pp 86, 119</p> <p>In <i>The introduction to the Psalmes of De profundis</i> which</p> |

CHRONICLE.

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines

The Skies gan scowle, orecastr with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :

Why doe not I my wery muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Harl M.S.* 1912, is the following

1555 Mr Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo Gascoigne, Tho
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, fol 238.

1565.

Gascoigne pays the above fines In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes And being required by fife sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fife sundrie sortes of metre vpon fife sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Francis Kinwelmarsh who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat*. . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsh, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*. . . . John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*. . . . Alexander Neule deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seven Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*. and therewith his *Vix bene*.

Richard Courtope (the last of the fife) gaue him this theame *Durum æneum et miserabile æneum*. . . . And thus an ende of these fife Theames, admounting to the number of cclviii. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne and therefore called Gascoigne's memories *Posies*, 1575

1575. Apr. 26

Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Government* A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet* iii. 7.

1566.

Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public or private' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet* iii. 6.

(2) *Focasta*—adapted from the *Phenissæ* of Euripides—the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage '*Collier, Idem* p. 8 Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i and iv, and C, afterwards Sir C. Yelverton, the Epilogue Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Gulford MS*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton*.

Nevvly set forth by C. Holband [*i.e.* Desainlicns], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566" At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first published verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke
 The pearle of price, which englishmen haue sought
 So farre abroad, and cost them there so dere
 Is now founde out, within our contrey here
 And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
 I meane the frenche. that pearle of pleasant speeche
 Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
 With sicknesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
 But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
 Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
 Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
 That here at home, we may this language learne :
 And for the price, he craueth no more neede
 But thankful harts, to whome his perles msy please
 Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
 Tam Marti quam Mercurio

Marries

Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse [This poem was published in 1572].

Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Flowres bound up in one small Posie* respecting which he afterwards says "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Prunter, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I vvas not vn willinge the same shoulde be imprinted" for which he assigne four reasons 1st Pref to 'Posies,' 1575.

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The fruites of Warre*, begun at *Delfe* in *Hollande*, Gascoigne says 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath thoroughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise connectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author, not surreptitiously by the prunter as sometimes supposed.

O. G. Gilchrist in *Cens. Lit.* i. 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend, the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge, but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it, the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp, from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty, but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague. The burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military band with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb.

He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of Ianuarie' 1574-5: and Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures, Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some *Floures*, bycause being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them *Floures* The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore moie profitable then pleasant) I haue named *Hearbes*. The third (being *Weedes*, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third, *To the Reader* "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures* to comfort, *Herbes* to cure, and *Weedes* to be auoyded So haue I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

1575 April

Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas*: and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene*, pp 86, 119

1575.

The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575 After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie* This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9-27.

Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c for her entertainment These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princelye pleasures, at the Court at Kenilworth*, and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575. constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception

Sept. 11.

The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576 Jan x

He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Majesty att Woodstocke* This is now in the British Museum MS. Reg 18 A. xlviii, p 27. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p. after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye, 8 pp Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp, Latin, 15 pp, Italian 15 pp, French 13 pp; concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 p

In his address at fol 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Italyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stalle in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c

1576. Apr. 3.

He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene* p 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15

1575. Apr. 12.

In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial ploytes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Catara*.' Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*" Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he hunselfe had

CHRONICLE.

Leading a literary life.

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same. there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii yeares now past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers then greedie of glorie by hasty publication

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Lincolnehouse*, and beeing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spent his time in this loytering vacation from martall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne. And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboiser* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discoverie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfrefyes* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therewithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables of Oytelnus*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographycall Mappes and Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford [b 1528—d 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauvayle in weake plight for health as your good L well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

1576. May 2.

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongst some bookes which h.d not often felte my fyngers endes in xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume slace comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Characters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginnynge perspicuous, nor the end perfect. So that I cannot certynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And there-upon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same. The whiche . . . I haue thought meete to entytle *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordered I haue thought

? In the Queen's service.

good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humane conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b 1160—d 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatour thereof with sicknesse So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouersee the same" *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards*

1577. Jan 1 He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS 18 A 1x1 p. 275* 'The Grief of Ioy Certayne Elegies wherein the doubtfull delights of mannes lyfe are displayed' It is on 38 folios, 4to : each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Method* and *Inuention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vti usque fortunæ*, dothe recowmpt the vncertaine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Élegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woork, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrink for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songes) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your fauorable acceptans (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceued in your Maiesties vnderdeserued fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greeues and greuous doubt, do often accompany oure greatest ioyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre highnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeares gyfte . . . Whome God, preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer Amen."

After this come The Preface ; then the *l'enuoie* ; then the four Songs (1) *The greeues or discommodities of lustie youth*, (2) *The vanities of Beautie*, (3) *The faults of force and Strength*, (4) *The vanities of Actiuities*, which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

17. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembraunce*

O Gilchrist, in *Cens. Lit.* ii 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success The result is this: Geo Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

distant from Stamford), which parisheth to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried, and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains, and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I haue endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found "*Ath Oxon.* ii 437. Ed 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.

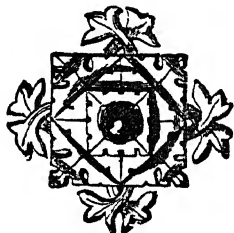
1. WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly Ed 1815, p. 34.

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne' Book 1 p. 51.


3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my private opinion condemns as faultie, Master Gascoigne is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure: whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully aid *Græca cum Latinis*



THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

 ONE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers, towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death. a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London: wherein

as I rode by London waye,

Cloaklesse, vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a fodaine dash of Raine,' and well foused in this showre.

he changed the subject of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preserved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of instruction &c.*, must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Posies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having just seen through the press, the corrected edition of his *Posies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes': and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures*: and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his house in *Limehouse*,' and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and 'the *Tables of Ortelius* and fundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes and Charts*.' So the two poems progress together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April showers': Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There resounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,

When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,

When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And westerne windes, do foster forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I stode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much p. 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gascoigne has a serious purpose. As Whetstone reports.

(laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)
I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see :
Within his munde ; what canckred vices be. p. 19.
It was a first experiment in English satire ; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abfalom and Achutophel* : it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and justice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed :

... is deade, and vanisht long ago,
... ought that steele, both trusty was and true,
And *The* ... not, a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The chrystal glas, which glimsfeth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguyld with foyles, of fundry subtil fighs,
So that they seeme, and couet not to be. p. 54

I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and testament
Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.
Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the chrystal glasse,
To such as loue, to feme but not to be,
And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)
Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or should,
Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele. pp. 55, 56

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A REMEMBRANCE OF THE WEL IMPOVED LIFE &c.

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A REMEMBRANCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
George Gascoigne Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7. of October.
1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstons
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

*The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esq.*



And is there none, wil help to tel my tale !
who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints haue shone?
feeles all men joy? can no man skil of bale?
o yes I fee, a comfort in my mone.
Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
some man for thee, may one day doo as much.

Thou seeest my death, and long my life didst knowe,
my life : nay death, to lue I now begin :
But some wil say. *Durus est hic sermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.
Yet trust me frends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolu'd, I neuer lu'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall ensue,
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte :
Whose tale attend, for once the same is true,
Yea *Whet thou* thou, hast knowen my hidden hart
And therefore I coniure thee to defend :
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

First of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
I leue mine armes, my acts shall blase the same
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward sonne defeat.

He was
Sir Iohn
G sonne
and Henr
Disinheri
ted.

This froward deed, could scarce my hart dismay,
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,
 Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire:
 I clapt on coft (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecoocks plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
 Yea, brainfick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
 But, *Nemo sine crimine uiuit*.
 For he that findes, himself from vices free
 I giue him leue, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:
 Euil sets out good, as far as black dooth white
 The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef, which writers should respect)
 trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheit.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
 I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
 But as a fish, feld bites with out a baight,
 So none vnforst, men needs will hear or see.
 and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
 the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
 The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures Barge.
 These lusty lims, *Saunce vse* (quod, I) will rust:
 That pitie were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert) He serued
in Hol-
land.
 I boldly vaunt, the blast of Fame is such,
 As prooues I had, a froward fowrs hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is :
 For woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner
in Hol.
 Cacht by fly hap, in prision vile was popt :
 Yeahad not woordes, fought for myliues defence, He had
the Latin,
Italian,
French,
and Dutch
languages.
 For all my hands, my breth had there been flopt
 But I in fine, did so perswade my foe :
 as (scot free) I, was homewards set to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
 Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
 In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
 the windowes of my muse, then straight I ope His
bookes
publ
 And first I showe, the trauail of such time :
 as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some straight way said (their tungs with enuy fret),
 those wanton layes, inductions were to vice :
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
 our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife.
 And sure these toyes, do showe for your behoof :
 The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies : Glasse of
gouer-
ment.
 The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouernment,
 And (laboring ftul, by paines, to purchase praife)
 I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see : Steele
Glasse
 Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The drunken soule, transformed to a beaſt, Diet for
my diet helps, a man, again to make : drinkers
But (that which ſhould, be praiſd aboue the reſt)
My Doomes day Drum, from ſin dooth you awake
For honeſt ſport, which dooth reſreſh the wit : Drum of
I haue for you, a book of hunting writ. doomsday
Hunting

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,
 Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliuue to keep :
 Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprise,
 Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
 yea til I dy, none shall the fame reuele :
 So men wil say, that *Gasfoign* wrote of *Zeale*.

He hath
 books to
 publish

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched fot, Enuy.
 Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde :
 I curfe thee wretch, the onely caufe godwot,
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.
 And not content, thy felf to doo me fear :
 Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Cure*.

And first of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poysoned pye,
To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes: *Spight*.
With painted shewes, he heaues him self on hie,
Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob:
with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies
And lest the wife should finde his wit but yung,
He woorks all means, their woorks for to dispraise.
To smoothe his speech, ye beast this patch doth crop
He shoves the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woofe then this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) ;
 A flender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth spread.
 And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect :
 The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect* : the propertie to showe, Suspect.
 He hides his dought, yet stil mistrusteth more :
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling fore.
 And so in vain, hee good account dooth seek,
 Who by this *Feende*, is brought into milike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
 These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot :
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart :
 so that I found, for me it was no boot.
 to woork as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
 When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles misconfired were
 by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to fettle care :
 within my brest, who wel deferu'd, did lack.
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe :
 Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books, Care.
 and see pied Doultres, vppon a booty feed ?
 What honest minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
 and see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed ?
 What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile :
 when carpet fwads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted foe,
 These men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to speak :
 Muse then no whit, with this huge ouerthrowe,
 though cruffhing care, my giltles hart doth break
 But you wil fay, that in delight doo dwell :
 my outward showe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark vnto the rest,
 The Swan in fongs, dooth knolle ner passing bel :
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
 when she might mourn, her sweetest layes doth yel
 The valiant man, so playes a pleasant parte :
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For prooffe, my self, with care not so a feard,
 But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
 When stoutly they doo stand among yat heard.
 So that I saw, but few hark to my mone.
 made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint :
 in fight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft vse, dooth weare an iron cote,
 as milling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse
 By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot
 but more then straunge is that I now rehearse,
 Three months I liued, and did digest no food :
 when none by arte my sicknes vnderstood.

No Phis-
 cion could
 find out
 his greefe.

What helpeth then ? to death I needs must pine,
 yet as the horse, the vse of warre which knowes :
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
 Euen so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth :
 Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auailles, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
King *Creffus* welth, the fway of all the world :
The Prince, the Peere, fo to the wretched flaue,
when death affaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
Yea oft he ftrikes ere one can fir his eye :
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You fee the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threshed ear of corne :
I holde a forme, within a wrimples skin,
but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne
See, see the man, late plesures Minion :
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants fee, a picture worth the fight,
(as you are now, my felf was heertofore)
My body late, ftuff ful of manly might,
As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame :
Stif clung with colde, wants forfe to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
Vnable are, to stay my bones vpright :
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wifh,
In broken woords, can scarce my minde recite.
My head late ftuff, with wit and learned skil :
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What fay you freends, this fudain chaunge to fee?
You rue my greef, you doo like flesh and blood :
But mone your finnes, and neuer morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you vnderftood.
My hart dooth swim, in feas of more delight :
Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the foule,
 A mas of finne, a defart of deceit :
 A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight.
 Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care :
 Vnfaire, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shittles wretch :
 where bribing mists, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
 Where *Parasites*, the fattest crummes doo catch.
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
 Are ouer blowen, with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puf of winde,
 Conceru'd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)
 Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end :
 To gather goods, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plaste,
 Think whence thou cam'st, and whether ye shalt goe :
 The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer cast,
 when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
 Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight :
 And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nourish hie desire,
 Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big :
 The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,
 Euen so the Clark, the Parsones graue dooth dig.
 Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win :
 Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe vnto finne.

And to be short, all fortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare :
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is :
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain : death waites of no mans will :
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horse, will prauce against the hil.
So helthfull men, at long discourfes porte:
When few woords, the sick, would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease :
This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this case, so please them as I may :
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My foule I first, bequeath Almighty God,
and though my finnes are greuous in his sight : The
effect of
his wil.
I firmly trust, to scape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.
Whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is sole the cause, that saues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue :
I wish no pomp, the same for to ingraue,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And flesh and blood in this self forte is tryed :
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gracious foueraign Queene
 (by seruice bound) my true and loyall hart :
 And trueth to say, a fight but rarely seene,
 as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
 Her highnes so, hath reacht the Grace alone :
 To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would see,
 my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue :
 But fence my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
 most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I craue
 (not for any seruice that I haue doon)
 you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
 and therewithall I giue thee this in charge :
 First serue thou God, then vse bothe wit and arte,
 thy Fathers det, of seruice to discharge.
 which (forste by death) her Maiestie he owes :
 beyond defarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgiue
 Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend .
 And as good men, in charitie should liue,
 I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
 Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequest :
 And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
 Farwell O world, the baight of all abuse :
 Death where is thy sting? O Deuil where is thy hel?
 I little forfe, the forses you can vse ;
 Yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye :
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end woorthy the shewe,
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd :
And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,
Yea with such ease, as no man there perceiu'd,
By strugling signe, or struiuing for his breth :
That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death

Exhortatio.

His *Sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,
Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be slain: Good men
God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.
The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :
And vse good deeds, *Vt fruuntur Deo*.

Contemne the chaunge, (vse nay abuse) not God,
Through holy showes, this wordly muck to scratch :
To deale with men and Saints is very od. Ipocrites
Hypocrisie, a man may ouer catch.
But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth fee :
Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou iesting foole, which mak'ft at sin a face,
Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not : Careless
liuers.
For where as he, is coldest in his grace,
Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
Tempt not to far, the lotheft man to fight :
When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your losse, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not flaine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.
 wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers.
 you shalbe judg'd, and therfore iudge aright:
 you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre:
 That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
 Make showe in woorks, yat you your woords infue:
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue fet in wood, Prelats.
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
 Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue,
 to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde: Readers
 Prepare thy self, eche houre for the graue, ingenerall.
 the market eats aswel yong sheep as olde.
 Euen so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
 The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leaue,
 thus sure thou art, but know'st not when to dye:
 Then good thou liue, least death doo the deceiue,
 as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
 For trust me man, no better match can make:
 Then leaue vn Timer, for certain things to take.

Viuat post funera Virtus.

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the
death, of M. G. Gaskoyne.*

For Gaskoynes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aloue the man is stul :
Aloue? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
In that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth lue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, such fame in earth haue sovvne,
As sack nor vvrack, his name can there destroy.

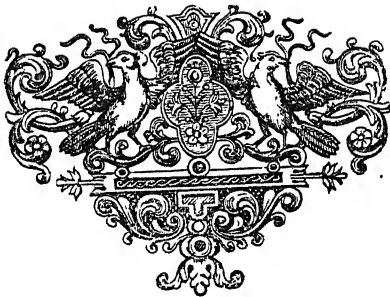
But you vvill say, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many stand in stead :
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earnest meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vv as passing great :
And vve deuourde the fvvvet of all his fvvvet.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

¶

¶



¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

concerning the making of verse or

ryme in English, vvritten at the request

of Master *Edouardo Donati*.

S*ignor Edouardo*, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therewithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententie*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuerthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request aduenture to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vsed, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall haue it in these few poynts followyng.

THe first and most necessarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnlesse the Inuention haue in it also *aliquid falis*. By this *aliquid falis*, I meane some good and fine deuise, shewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame soeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

perpetua, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ye Inuention, and some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almoste vnpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meaning in these few poynts. If I should vndertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir cristall eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shee hath, and therevpon rayse the prayse of hir commendation. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discouer my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vse the couertest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely customes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuerthelesse to conclude therein, I would haue you stand most vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and sticke not to studie deeply for some fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well enough and fast enough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of deuise, do carie you from it: for as to vse obscure and darke phrascs in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie iests in a serious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduise you that you hold the iust measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may seeme a preposterous ordre: but

bycause I couet rather to satisfie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not somuch stand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I say then, remember to holde the same measure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verse of fixe syllables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might seeme ridiculous vnto you, since euery yong scholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the same measure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I see and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the measure of xij. in the first line, and xiiij. in the second (which is the common kinde of verse) they wil yet (by that time they haue passed ouer a few verses) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et sic de similibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelesnes.

4. And in your verses remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphasis* or sound, that is to say in such wise, and with such length or shortnesse, eleuation or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pronounced or vsed: to expresse the same we haue three maner of accents, *grauis, lenis, et circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the short accent, and that whiche is indifferent: the graue accent is marked by this caracte, / the light ac-
cent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or indifferent is thus signified ~ : the graue accent
is drawn out or eleuate, and maketh that
fillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depressed or snatched vp, and maketh that fillable short vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferent, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes depressed and sometimes eleuate. For example of th' emphasis or natural sound of words, this word *Treasure*, hath the graue accent vpon the first fillable, whereas if it shoulde be written in this sorte, *Treasure*, now we were the second fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vse wherwith it is pronounced. For further explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English

verfes) we vse none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long: and that found or scanning continueth throughout the verse. We have vsed in times past other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:




No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,

Vnlesse he beleue, that all is but vayne.

Also our father *Chaucer* hath vsed the same libertie in fêete and measures that the Latinists do vse: and who so euer do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderstanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent vnto that whiche hath fewest fillables in it: and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe founde yet to consist of woordes that haue suche naturall founde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse which hath many moe fillables of lighter accent. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into suche a playne and simple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vsed but one: wherby our Poemes may iustly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me set downe vnto you suche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two syllables you wreste no worde from his natural and vsuall founde, I do not meane hereby that you may vse none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vse discretion according to occasion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed as the first fillable may sound short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke these two verses :


I vnderstand your meanying by your eye.
 \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ /
Your meaning I vnderstand by your eye.

In these two verses there seemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant, and the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *vnderstand* is therein so placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderstand to be eleuated : which is contrarie to the naturall or vsual pronounciation : for we say

\ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ /
vnderstand, and not *vnderstand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few wordes of many syllables into your verse as may be : and herevnto I might alledge many reasons : first the most aunient English wordes are of one syllable, so that the more monasyllables that you vse, the truer Englishman you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inke-horne. Also wordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it vnpleasant, whereas wordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent sounde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason : my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawen sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason foeuer it carie with it) or els they alter

their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Inuention, and do rather searche the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers leffon) worke thus, when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same sounde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laste worde of your first line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, snare, rare, flare, and ware, &c.* Of all these take that which best may serue your purpose, carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vse the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are vsed in prose, and in my iudgement they serue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verse than they haue in prose: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know the vse of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of fundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly vsed) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est*: therefore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta et inusitata*, vnlesse the Theame do giue iust occasion: marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentue reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vse discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentue readyng, and therewithal may deliuer such matter as be worth the marking.

11. You shall do very well to vse your verse after th[e] englishe phraße, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinists do commonly set the adiectiue after the Substantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ*, &c. but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, etc. it would haue but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some vse it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go visit mother myne &c.*

Surely I smile at the simplicitie of such deuifers which might aswell haue sayde it in playne English phraße, and yet haue better pleased all eares, than they satisfie their owne fancies by suche *superfinesse*. Therefore euen as I haue aduised you to place all wordes in their naturall or most common and vsuall pronounciation, so would I wishe you to frame all sentences in their mother phraße and proper *Idioma*, and yet sometimes (as I haue sayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwise lawfull or commendable.

12. This poetick licence is a shrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verse, it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo sillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it turkene h all things at pleasure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *ad wne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *pcwer* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbere of other whiche were but tedious and needeleffe to rehearse, since your owne iudgement and readyng will soone make you espie such aduauntages.

13 There are also certayne pauses or restes in a verse whiche may be called *Cæsures*, whereof I would be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they haue bene first deuised (as should

leeme) by the Musicians : but yet thus much I will adventure to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight fillables, the pause will stand best in the midst, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure fillables : in a verse of twelue, in the midst, in verses of twelue in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight fillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne fillables, and seuen such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acroffe) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence : this hath bene called Rithme royall, and surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie fortes : for a man may write ballade in a staffe of fixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or fixe fillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acroffe, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne fillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue beste for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonnets whiche are off foure tenelynes, euery line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming together do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of fixe lines, commonly vsed by the French, which some Engles. writers do also terme by the name of Sonetter. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called *Vish layes*, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by authoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne fillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey of Wilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.* There are also certaine Poemes deuised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the commonest sort of verse which we vse now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suffice (if it be not to much) for the sundrie sortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of euery stasse where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright staues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lammas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduise) eschue prolixitie and knit vp your sentences as compendiously as you may, since breuitie (so that it be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

r6 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is suche as our Mayster and Father *Chaucer* vsed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will now tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to shewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime serueth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittest for a grauediscourse. Ballades are beste of matters of loue, and rondlettes most apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets serue aswell in matters of loue as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual proposition, although by the name you might otherwise iudge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vsed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would serue best for Psalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affying my selfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE STEELE GLAS.
A Satyre compiled by George
Gascoigne Esquire.

Together with
The Complaine of *Phylomene.*
An Elegie deuifed by
the same Author.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



Printed for Richard Smith.

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVil-

ton Knight of the most honorable order of the Gar-

ter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life

with encrease of honour, according to

his great worthinesse.



Ight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the same vnable to deserue the least parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygnd with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabyllitie to heare me, with exceeding curtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to proteſt me. All which when I do remember, yet it furreth in me an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reuiued the very same affection, whiche firste moued in mee the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see a farre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Magnanimitie*, accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrosyue of care woulde quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth, I confesse it : what shall I do then ? shall I yelde to mysery as a iust plague apointed for my portion ? Magnanimitie faith no, and Industrye seemeth to be of the very same opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned : yea more than that, I am rygorously reiecte when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre ? shall I yeelde vnto iellosie ? or drowne my dayes in idlenesse, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonneffe ? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfulnesse of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reprovod for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with most vntrue fumes ? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge host of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the sight of his late professed enemy. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduersitye ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their brestes any least sparke of desire, to seeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytered (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sunne did shine, and now I striue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crows foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what ?

Aristotle spent his youth very ryotously, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phylosophy. VVhat shoulde I speake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greatest Oratours of his time? These examples are sufficient to proue that by industrie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduersities are easie to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here presume thus rudely to rehearse them. For as I can be content to confesse the lightnesse wherewith I haue bene (in times past) worthie to be burdened, so would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwise bent, my better endeours might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced stil to carie on my shoulders the crosse of my carelesnesse, but therewithall I am also put to the plonge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe suspects, and dangerous distractions. And I finde my selfe so feeble, and so vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearsed) I should either cast downe mine armour and hide my selfe like a recreant, or else (of a malicious stubboresse) should busie my braines with some Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduersaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie suffer me to become vn honest, nor yet can Industrie see me sinke in idlenessse.

For I haue learned in sacred scriptures to heape coles vpon the heade of mine enemy, by honest dealing: and our sauour himselfe hath encouraged me, saying that I shal lacke neither workes nor seruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

These things I say (my singular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the same affection which first moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchsafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be so curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue prefumed to pre-
fent your honour with this Satyre written without rime,
but I trust not without reafon. And what foeuer it
bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable
name, befeeching the fame too accept it with as gra-
tious regarde, as you haue in times pafte bene accuf-
tomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good
Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time,
yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of
rofte for their paynes. And when the vertuous fhall
perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then fhall de-
traction be no leffe afhamed to haue falſely accuſed
me, than light credence fhall haue cauſe to repent his
raſhe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge fhall not be
abaſhed to cancel the ſentence vniuſtly pronounced in
my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongſt
my bookes here at my poore houſe in VValkamſtowe,
where I praye daylie for ſpeedy aduauncement,
and continuall prosperitie of your good Lord-
ſhip. VVritten the fifteenth
of April. 1576.

(. .)

*By your honours moſt bownden and well affured
George Gaſcoigne.*

N. R. in commendation
of the Author, and his
 workes.

I N rowling verses of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
 The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
 Graue *Senec* did, furmounte for Tragike vaine,
 Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
Archilochus, did for *Iambickes* passe,
 For commicke verse, still *Plautus* peerelesse was

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
 Sance peere were *Naso*, and *Tibullus* deemde :
 In Satyres sharpe (as men of mickle praife)
Lucilius, and *Horace* were esteemde.
 Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
 But *Gascoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
 I list not vaunte, his workes for me shal say ;
 In praifing him *Timantes* trade I take,
 VVho (when he should, the woful cheare displaie,
 Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
 His daughters death with teares of smal auaile :

Not skild to countershape his morneful grace,
 That men might deeme, what art coulede not supplie)
 Deuifde with painted vaile, to shrowde his face.
 Like forte my pen shal *Gascoignes* praife discrie,
 VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearse,
 Doth shrowde and cloude them thus in silent verse.

'Walter Rawely of the middle

Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasfe.

SVVete were the fauce, would please ech kind of taft,
The life likewise, were pure that neuer fwerued,
For fpyteful tongs, in cankred stomackes plaft,
Deeme worft of things, which beft (percafe) deferued :
But what for that? this medcine may fuffyfe,
To fcorne the reft, and feke to please the wife.

Though fundry mindes, in fundry forte do deeme,
Yet worthieft wights, yelde prayfe for euey payne,
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) efteme,
Such ftately fteppes, as they cannot attaine.
For who fo reapes, renowne aboue the reft,
VVith heapes of hate, fhall furely be opprest.

VVherefore to write, my censure of this booke,
This Glasfe of Steele, vnpartially doth fhewe,
Abufes all, to fuch as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high eftate to lowe,
As for the veife, who lifts like trade to trye,
I feare me much, fhall hardly reache fo high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commen- *dation of this worke.*

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres fadde and iage,
Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleasde, the vaine of youthful age,
VVith pleafant penne, employde in louing ryme :
So now he feekes, the graueft to delight,
VVith workes of worth, much better than they fhowe.

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and that the above heading shows him to have been at least resident in the Middle Temple in 1570.

This Glasse of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
 Discrises the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
 And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iust complaynte,
 In sugred founde, doth shrowde a solempne fence,
 Gainst those whome lust, or murder doth attaynte.
 Lo this we see, is *Gascoignes* good pretence,
 To please al forts, with his praiseworthy skill.
 Then yelde him thanks in signe of like good wil

The Author to the Reader.

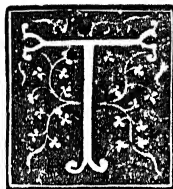
TO vaunt, were vaine : and flatterie were a faulte.
 But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
 The which I seeke, by science to assault,
 And so to leaue, remembrance of my name.
 The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme :

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
 Then since I see, that rimes can feldome reache,
 Vnto the toppe, of such a stately Towre,
 By reasons force, I meane to make some breache,
 VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
 That so at last, my Muse might enter in,
 And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
 In rymelesse verse, which thundreth mighty threate
 And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
 Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beates.
 The worke (thinke I) deserues an honest name,
 If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

THE STEELE GLAS.



He Nightingale, (whose happy noble
hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force
affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort
saddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to
sing.

Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdainde hir notes :
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By flaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my selfe should sitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt :
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
 In barrayne verfe, to tell a frutefull tale,
 A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
 Of learned men, and graue Philosophers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore
 Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
 And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
 The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen :
 And therewithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
 To yeld the rest, much more than they deservde)
 Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to peruse,
 This rimles verfe, which flowes from troubled mind.
 Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,
 (Which rauished fayre *Phylomene* for lust,
 And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)
 Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
 They lue, they lue, (alas the worfe my lucke)
 Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,
 Hath raunged long about the world so wyde,
 To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
 And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
 Whose harmelesse hart, perceivde not their deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,
 The mysteries, of all that I do meane,
 I am not he whom flaundersous tongues haue tolde,
 (False tongues in dede, and craftie subtile braines)
 To be the man, which ment a common spoyle
 Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
 Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.
 In' am a man, as some do thinke I am,
 (Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
 Or at the least, a right *Hermaphrodite* :
 And who desires, at large to knowe my name,
 My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
 Lo reade it here, *Playne dealing* was my Syre,
 And he begat me by *Simplytite*,

Not ignorant
 sympathy
 but a
 thought
 free from
 deceit.

A paire of twinnes at one felfe burden borne,
 My fistr' and I, into this world were sent,
 My Syfters name, was pleasant *Poesys*,
 And I my felfe had *Satyra* to name,
 Whose happe was fuch, that in the prime of
 youth,

Satyrical-
 Poetry-
 may right-
 ly be cal-
 led the
 daughter
 of fuch
 sympho-
 nie

A lufly ladde, a ftately man to fee,
 Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
 (I dare not fay, in court for both myne eares)
 Beganne to woo my fifter, not for wealth,
 But for hir face was louely to beholde,
 And therewithall, hir fpeech was pleasant ftill.
 This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
 And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
 Of guylefull wights: *False femblant* was the
 firft,

VWhere
 may be
 commonly
 found a
 meeter
 vvor for
 plesant
 poetry,
 than vaine
 Delight?
 Such men
 do many
 tymes at-
 tend
 vpon
 vaine de-
 light.

The fecond man was, *Fleering flattery*,
 (Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
 Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deceite*.
Sym Swafh did beare a buckler for the firft,
False witneffe was the feconde ftemly page,
 And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
 This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
 And woed my fifter, for fhe elder was,
 And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at leaft)
 Hir pleasant fpeech furpaffed mine fomuch,
 That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his fute.
 Short tale to make, fhe gaue a free conient,
 And forth fhe goeth, to be his wedded make,
 Entyft percafe, with gloffe of gorgeous fhewe,
 (Or elfe perhappes, perfuaded by his peeres,)
 That conftant loue had herbord in his brest,
Such errors growe where fuche false Prophets preach.

Poetrie
 married
 to vaine
 Delight.

How fo it were, my Sifter likte him wel,
 And forth fhe goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
 Where when fhe had fome yeeres yfoiorned,
 And faw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
 A deepe *Defire* hir louing hart enflamde,

To see me fit by hir in seemely wife,
 That companye might comfort hir sometimes,
 And found advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes :
 And forth with speede, (euen at his first request)
 Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty course direct,
 To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
 Whereas she lay, that mourned dayes and nights
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
 And when the wretch, (I cannot teime him bet)
 Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
 And bad him harke, to songs of *Satyra*.
 I felly soule (which thought no body harme)
 Gan cleere my throte, and straue to sing my
best,

Satyrical
 Poetry is
 sometimes
 rauished
 by vayne
 Delight.

Which pleafde him so, and so enflamde his hart,
 That he forgot my suster *Poesys*,
 And rauisht me, to please his wanton minde.
 Not so content, when this foule tact was done,
 (Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
 His incest : and his doting darke desire)
 He caufde straight wayes, the formost of his
 crew

False sem-
 blant and
 flatterie
 can sel-
 dome be-
 guile sati-
 rical Poe-
 trie.

VVith his compeare, to trie me with their
 tongues :

And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
 Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
 That I entist *Delyght*, to loue and luste.

Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
 They clapt me fast, in cage of *Myserie*,
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
 Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
 Cut out my tong, with *Rayfor* of *Resfraynte*,
 Least I should wraye, this bloody deede of his.

The re-
 vvard of
 busy med-
 ling is
 Miserie.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
 Not as I feemd, a man sometimes of might,
 But womanlike, whose teares must venge hir
 harms.

note now
 and compare
 this allego-
 ry to the
 story of
 Progne and
 Philomele.

And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
 For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
 Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes :
 So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
 That with the stumps of my reproued tong,
 I may sometimes, *Reprouers* deedes reproue,
 And sing a verfe, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this felly song by night,
 Like *Phylomene*, since that the shining Sunne
 Is how eclypst, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
 Like *Philomene*, since that the stately cowrts,
 Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,
 Like *Philomene*, since that the priuy worme,
 Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
 May well suffise, to keepe me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,
 Like *Philomene*, since euery ianglyng byrd,
 Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
 As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmeleffe true intent,
 Like *Philomene*, when as percase (meane while)
 The Cuckowe suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
 And lickes the sweet, which might haue fed me first.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wise to sing,
 A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
 A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
 A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

TEEL GLAS.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Here the
substance
of the
theame
beginneth
 Wherein I fee, howe euery kind of man
 Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himfelfe.
 I seeme to muse, from whence such errours springs,
 Such grosse conceits, such mistes of darke mistake,
 Such *Surcuydry*, such weening ouer well,
 And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
 And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
 The cause thereof, and whence it should proceede,
 My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brufde,
 With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
 Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
 Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry.

I see and figh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
 That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
 And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
 To see himfelfe, yet so he seeth him not :
 Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
 Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
 Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
 That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
 Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
 That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The cristal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright,
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
 Beguylde with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,
 So that they feeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
 That Realm's do rewe, from high prosperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
 That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
 That knights consume, their patrimonie still,
 That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
 That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
 That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
 That laymen liue, by mouing mischiefe stil,
 That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
 That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
 That Souldiours sterue, or prech at Tiborne crosse,
 That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
 That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
 That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
 That sicophants, are counted iolly guefts,
 That *Lais* leades a Ladies life alofte,
 And *Lucrece* lurkes, with fobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
 That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
 And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
 Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
 And that the same may seme no feined dreame,
 But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
 I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucyllius, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the chrystal glasse,
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
 How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
 And since my selfe (now pride of youth is past)

A famous
 old satyri-
 cal Poete.

Do loue to be, and let al feerning passe,
 Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,
 Therefore I like this trustie glaſſe of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolike fauor frounst	The auc-
With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth :	thor him-
Wherein I see, a <i>Sampsons</i> grim regaide	selfe.
Disgraced yet with <i>Alexanders</i> bearde :	Alexander
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape	magnus
(And such as might befeeme the courte full wel)	had but a
Is cast at heele, by courting al to soone :	smal
Wherein I see, a quicke capacitye,	beard
Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie :	He vvwhich
Anageſuspect, bycauſe of youthes misdeedes.	vvil re-
A poets brayne, poſſeſt with layes of loue :	buke mens
A <i>Cæsars</i> minde, and yet a <i>Codrus</i> might,	faults, ſhal
A Souldiours hart, ſuppreſt with feareful doomes :	do vvell
A Philoſopher, fooliſhly fordone.	not to for-
And to be playne, I ſee my ſelfe ſo playne,	get hys
And yet ſo much vnlike that moſt I ſeemde,	ovvne im-
As were it not, that Reaſon ruleth me,	perfections.
I ſhould in rage, this face of mine deface,	
And caſt this corps, downe headlong in diſpaire,	
Bycauſe it is, ſo farre vnlike it ſelfe.	

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,	
I ſee a world, of worthy gouernment,	Common
A common welth, with policy ſo rulde,	vveth
As neither lawes are ſold, nor iuſtice bought,	
Nor riches fought, vnleſſe it be by right.	
No crueltie nor tyrannie can raigne,	
No right reuenge, doth rayſe rebellion,	
No ſpoyles are tane, although the ſword preuaile,	
No ryot ſpends, the coyne of common welth,	
No rulers hoard, the countries treaſure vp,	
No man growes riche, by ſubtilty nor ſleight :	

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
 And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Ioue.
 Lo this (my lord) may wel deferue the name,
 Of such a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
 And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
 Set forth euen so, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
 Who taught king *Cræsus*, what it is to seme,
 And what to be, by proofof happie end.
 The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
 Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
 And left the same, a mirour to behold,
 To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse
 Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
 VVhere fauor sways, the sentence of the law, Common
 VVhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net, vvoe.
 VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
 VVhere iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
 VVhere bloody sword, maks euery booty prize,
 VVhere banquetting, is compted comly cost,
 VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
 VVhere purchase commes, by couyn and deceit,
 And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
 Nor none serue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
 But foure estates, to serue eche country Soyle,
 The King, the Knight, the Pesant, and the Priest.
 The King should care for al the subiectes still,
 The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,
 The Peasant he, should labor for their ease,
 And Priests shuld pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
 And christal glosse, doth glister so therwith,
 That Kings conceue, their care is wonderous Kinga.
 great.

When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
 To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant fights, y
 To fede their fil, of daintie delicates, 2
 To glad their harts, with fight of pleasant sports, 3
 To fil their eares, with found of instruments, 4
 To breake with bit, the hot coragious horfe, 5
 To deck their haules, with sumptuous cloth of gold, 6
 To cloth themfelues, with filkes of straunge deuise, 7
 To searck the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones, 8
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold : 9
 And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
 To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
 To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
 To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
 To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier,
 To feare the cries of giltles suckling babes,
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
 And sture the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any english king,
 Nor by our Queene, whose high forfight prouids,
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
 Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
 But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
 (Who sawe themfelues, in glasse of trusty Steele)
 Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
 And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florish most,
 That no man might triumph in stately wise,
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade
 Fiue thousand foes in foughten field foredone.
 Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
 May see proud pomps, in high triumphant wife,
 Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemye.

Veleri
 max. lib. a.
 cap. 3.

When *Sergius*, deuised first the meane

To pen vp fishe, within the swelling flood,
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
 Then followed fast, exceffe on Princes bordes,
 And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
 But had he seene, the streine of straunge deuise,
 Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,
 To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues :
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is filde
 With secreet cause, of fickenesse (oft) vnseene,
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
 Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
 Was common traf, compar'd to fundie Sauce
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou fettest things to shew,
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
 Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire, 3
 The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
 The bayted Bul, and Beare at stately stake,
 These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man :
 But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
 Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A fwete consent, of Musicks sacred sound, 4
 Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
 But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede, 5
 To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,
 Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
 But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
 VVith pampred Iades, ought therewithal to wey,
 VVhat great exceffe, vpon them may be spent,
 How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therwith al, in godly wife be fedde, Deut 18
And kings ought not, so many horse to haue.

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state, 6
But vaine excesse, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffes, 7
Our futes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit filke stockes, and spanish leather shoes,
(Yea veluet serues, oftentimes to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which spurne at glittring perle, 8
And scorne the costs, which we do holde so deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,
(VVhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,
VVhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wife
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til greedy mindes, gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and siluer, mettals of mischiefe)
Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts
With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,
And seldome seene, that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
What causeth this, but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
The neast of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires
But is this strange? when Lords when Knightes and
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
Are not afrajd to couet like a King?

O blinde desire : oh high aspiring harts.
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, *Knights.*
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke.
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
 And none content, with that which is his own.
 Yet none of these, can see in Chrystal glasse
 (VVhich glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing eyes)
 How euery life, beares with him his diseafe.
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
 How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
 (Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,
 And countlike life, is thought an other heauen)
 Than common people finde in euery coaft.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
 A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
 VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
 (Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
 VVil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
 A loytring life, and like an *Epicure*.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth ?
 VVho rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled ?
 VVho stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state ?
 Forsooth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
 Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
 And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
 You were not borne, al onely for your selues :
 Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
 There should you liue, and therein should you toyle,
 To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
 To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
 To punish vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
 To see God seruede, and *Belzebub* supprest.
 You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
 And let them sway, the scepter of your charge,
 VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
 Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
 A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
 And leaues the country for a common prey,
 To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit :
 (Al which his prefence might haue pacified,
 Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
 And now the youth which might haue serued him,
 In comely wife, with countrey clothes yclad,
 And yet therby bin able to preferre
 Vnto the prince, and there to seke aduance :
 Is faine to fell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
 Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute,
 (Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse :)
 And so those imps which might in time haue sprong
 Alofte (good lord) and seruede to shielde the state,
 Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
 Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
 And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
 Yet here percase, it wilbe thought I roue
 And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
 Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
 (And such as shew, most perfect in my glasse)
 Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
 Whose skil in armes, and long experience
 Should still vphold the pillars of the worlde.
 Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
 May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
 Yca gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
 What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
 (And I my selfe, of that profession)
 I see a crew, which glister in my glasse, Souldiours,
 The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene :
 Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
 VWhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* insue,

Æmilius, and *Curius* I fee,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,
 And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protefilaus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
 Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these fouldiours can I spie
 Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I fee not one therein, which seekes to heape
 A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, Couetous
Soldiours
 And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
 When muster day, and foughten fieldes are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius furnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
That fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacrilege, himselfe for to aduance,
And see his fouldiours, pore or liue in lacke

I fee not one, within this glasse of mine, Soldiours
more
braue then
valiaunt.
 Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
 As though he were, all onely to be markt,
 When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
 Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field :
 And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
 Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnessse.
 And yet in towne, he ietted euery streete,
 As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himself)
 Might wel (by him) be luely counterfayte,
 Though much more like, the coward *Constantine*.
 I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,

*Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forweari'd legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.*

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands somuch, vpon his paynted
theath
(Bycause he hath, perchaunce at *Bolleyn* bene
And loytered, since then in idlenesse)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
*Since Palamedes, and Vlisses both,
VVhere much esteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, eke was much esteem'd
VVhose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, furnamed Maximus,
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.*

Soldiours
vwho (for
their ovvn
long con-
tinuance
in seruice)
do seeme
to despise
all other
of latter
time, and
especially
such as are
learned.

These bloody beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
VVhich cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
VVhose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greeued is, at cries of gittlesse blood.
*Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
VVherof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce*

Soldiours
ouer cruel
vvithout
any re-
gard.

*In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
 Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
 VVho whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
 You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got.
 For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
 VVas neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.
 O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
 Beleue me (Lord) a fouldiour cannot haue
 Too great regarde, whereon his knife should cut.*

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
 And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,
 Dare once be seene, within my glasse of Steele,
 For so the faults, of *Thraso* and his trayne,
 (Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
 Might sone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
*Bolde Manlius, could close and wel conuey
 Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
 Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.*

What should I speake, of drunken Soldiours?
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
 Of whom that one, can sit and bybbe his fil,
 Consume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
 To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
 And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking flocke
 Which might deferue, (by sobre life) great laude.
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
 In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
 Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
 Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,
 And so becoms, example of much euil,
 Which should haue seruede, as lanterne of good life :
 And is controlde, whereas he should commaund.
Augustus Cæsar, he which might haue made
 Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
 And feldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Drunken
 and leche-
 rous sol-
 diours

Aristomenes, dayned to defende
 His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
 And rather chose, to die in their defence,
 Then filthy men, should foyle their chastitie.
 This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayse.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
 Behold my glasse, and you shall see therein,
 Proud *Crassus* bagges, consumde by couetise,
 Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenesse,
Cæsar and *Pompey*, split with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightnesse of belefe,
Cleomenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light fet by for his lust,
 Whereby at last, he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto percase, some one man will alledge,
 That Princes pence, are pursed vp so close,
 And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,
 That when they come, prouision must be made
 To fende the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glasse of mine,
Iustinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
 Which made to begge, bold *Belisarius*
 His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
 In his defence, with evry enemy.
 And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
 Which suffred him (that had so truely serued)
 To leade pore life at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
 VVhich did deferue, such worthy recompence.
 Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
 Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iustinian*
 Did neuer die, without good store of heyres.
 And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
 Such yffewe springs, of such vnplefant budds,

Vngrateful
 Princes.

But shal I say? this lesſon learne of me,

VVhen drums are dumb, and found not dub a dub, VVhat e-
uery sol-
diour
should be
in time of
peace.
Then be thou eke, as inewet as a mayde
(I preach this fermon but to fouldiours)
And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleeue
For futes of filke, when cloth may ferue thy turne,
Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purse,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
VVhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then ferue againe,
And stint to steale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
And cast off flouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobbled shoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And so to get, a right renoumed name,
Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
I high time were then, to turne my weiy pen,
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and sowe,
Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain, [fnort

But he that labors any kind of way. Peasant
 To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth,
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place. Strange
Peasants
 All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
 Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
 To see it so, desgested in degrees.
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
 Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde) Officers
 He that can share, from euery pention payde
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounce,
 He that can plucke, fir *Bennet* by the fleewe,
 And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
 He that can winke, at any foule abuse,
 As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
 Shal such come see themselues in this my glasse?
 Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
 Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
 How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
 With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
 How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
 How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
 How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
 I compt them worse, than haimeles homely hundes,
 Which toyle in dede, to ferue our common vse.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
 And yet their one eye, sharpe as *Linceus* fight,
 That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
 That other pries and peekes in euery place.
 Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
 He shal be sure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
 But priue gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and crouch so low,
 As officers, can neuer see him flyde,
 Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
 He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,
 Whereas long since, all officers were seene
 To be men made, out of another mould.

Epamynond, of whome I spake before
 (Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
 And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
 VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
 And thus he spake, to such as sought his helpe :

If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
 Then wil I do, it for the vertues sake :
 If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
 If so it be, for this my common weale,
 Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
 To see it done, withouten furdur words.

There
 to fevv
 such of-
 ficers.

But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
 And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
 Vnto the state, which I pretende to flay,
 Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
 Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil treade *Zealeucus* steps?
 Or who can byde, *Cambyfes* cruel dome?
 Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good fir)
 For Iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
 Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
 To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues.

False
 iudges

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
 And *Marcus Craffus* had none issue male,
Cicero slipt, vnfene out of this world,
 With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, *Aduocaits.*
 And were content, to vse their eloquence,

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in *Athens* vſide his arte,
 (Not for to heape, himſelfe great hounds of gold,
 But) ſtil to ſtay, the towne from deepe deceite
 Of *Philips* wyles, which had beſieged it.
 Where ſhal we reade, that any of theſe foure
 Did euer pleade, as careleſſe of the trial?
 Or who can ſay, they builded ſumpteuouſly?
 Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
 They were (I trowe) of noble houſes borne,
 And yet content, to vſe their beſt deuoiſe,
 In furduring, eche honeſt harmeleſſe cauſe.
 They did not rowte (like rude vnringed ſwine,)
 To roote nobilitie from heritage.
 They ſtoode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
 (Bycauſe they had, reſpect to equitie)
 To leade a life, like true Philoſophers.
 Of all the briſtle bearded Aduocates
 That euer lovde their fees about the cauſe,
 I cannot ſee, (ſcarce one) that is ſo bolde
 To ſhewe his face, and fayned Phifnomie
 In this my glaſſe: but if he do (my Lorde)
 He ſhewes himſelfe, to be by very kinde
 A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
 To do ſmal right, but ſure to take no wrong.

And maſter Merchant, he whoſe trauaile ought Merchant 13.
 Comodiouſly, to doe his cuntry good,
 And by his toyle, the ſame for to enrich,
 Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
 Of euery ware, that is accompted ſtrange.
 And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine deſires
 Vntil the court, haue courtiers caſt at heele,
Quia non habent veſtes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whoſe harebrainde heads muſt haue
 More clothes attones, than might become a king:
 For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes muſt ſpin,
 For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
 (I ſpeake not this by english courtiers
 Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
 For whom al feaſ, are toſſed to and fro,
 For whom theſe purples come from *Perſia*,
 The crimofine, and luely red from *Inde*:
 For whom ſoft filks, do ſayle from *Sericane*,
 And all queint coſts, do come from fardeſt coaſts:
 Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9.
 Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
 Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
 His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,
 To ſpin and worke the clothes that he ſhuld weare,
 And neuer carde, for filks or ſumptuous coſt,
 For cloth of gold, or tinfel figurie,
 For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
 He fet the ſhippes, of merchantmen on worke,
 VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and ſavrie ſalt
 And ſuch like wares, as ſerued common uſe.

Yea for my life, thoſe merchants were not woont
 To lend their wares, at reaſonable rate,
 (To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,)
 To teach yong men, the trade to ſel browne paper,
 Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too ſometimes,
 To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
 To binde ſuch babes, in father Derbies bands,
 To ſtay their ſteps, by ſtatute Staples ſtaffe,
 To rule yong roylſters, with *Recogniſſance*,
 To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day,
 In VVoodſtreat, Bredſtreat, and in Pultery
 (VVhere ſuch ſchoolmaiſters keepe their countinghouſe)
 To fede on bones, when fleſh and fell is gon,
 To keepe their byrds, ful cloſe in caytiues cage,
 (Who being brought, to libertie at large,
 Might ſing perchaunce, abroad, when ſunne doth ſhine
 Of their miſhaps, and how their fethers fel)
 Vntill the canker may their corpeſe conſume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
 Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
 But holla : here, I see a wondrous sight,
 I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse :
 Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
 But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
 And yet they seme, so heauenly for to see,
 As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
 Their comly beards, and heare, of siluer wiers.
 And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
 What should they be, (my Lord) what should they be

O gracious God, I see now what they be.
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world, Priest.
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
 VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
 Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocisie.
 Which neuer sawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
 Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
 Which thunder threts, of gods most greuous wrath,
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
 Descended from, *Melchisedec* by line
 Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
 These be my priests, the shepding of the earth
 VVhich wil not leese, their Savynesse, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy vfurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounce.

Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe,

Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of these, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of these, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke vpon his fist
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will sue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamde, to do euen as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.

My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wise,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.

My priestes can place, all penance in the hart,
VVithout regard, of outward ceremonies.

My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were, the last that shewed themfelues,
I faide at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil presume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe, ^{The poets}
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake) ^{Beades}
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VVhich walloweth stul, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all estates, ^{For}
VVhich sway the sworde, of royal gouernment, ^{Princes.}
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deferue, to lese both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stul to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themfelues,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stul vpright.

Tell some (in *Spaine*) how close they kepe their clofets,
How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt futours sterue
And pine before, their proceffe be preferre.
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VWhile futours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In fetting foath, of right religion :
Which more esteeme, the present pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) piinces, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forfooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste :
When as (in dede they be the sinkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
Bykings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magistrates, al counsellours, and all
That fit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furduring of right,
That they be not, too faintish nor too fowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is :
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpasse (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

For al no-
bilitie and
counselors.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues, ^{For the}
 For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests ^{clergie.}
 And al that preach, or otherwise professe
 Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
 Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
 Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
 And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
 'To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therewithal, that some, (I see them I
 VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all asarre,
 For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
 Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
 So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough
 And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
 Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
 Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe*.
 Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
 Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
 And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.

Pray that the soules, of fundrie damned gofts,
 Do not come in, and bring good euidence
 Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
 Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge
 Til secret finnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
 And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy wolfe,
 And lest the folde, vnfended from the fox
 Which durst not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
 Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
 I meane the worthy Vniuersities,

(And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
 Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
 That they bring vp their babes in decent wife :
 That *Philosophy*, smel no secrete smoke, For a!!
learned.
 Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries :
 That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery stile,
 Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
 With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
 That *Sophistrie*, do not deceiue it selfe,
 That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,
 And such as be, *Historiographers*,
 Trust not to much, in euery tatlying tong,
 Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
 That *Phisicke*, thrue not ouer fast by murder :
 That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
 Do not forget, that only *Vntie*
 Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.
 That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
 Til all their measures out of measure be :
 That *Musike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
 Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
 Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
 Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :
 That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache :
 That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,
 And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corosiuues,
 Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteffes :
 Or that she dote not vppon *Erato*,
 Which should inuoke the good *Caliope* :
 That *Astrologie*, looke not ouer high,
 And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit :
 That *Grammer* grudge not at our english tong,
 Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,
 And cannot be declined as others are.
 Pray thus (my priests for vniuersities.
 And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
 Which hath bene taught, or exercised there.
 Pray you to god, the good be not abusde,
 With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

Now theſe be paſt, (my prieſts) yet ſhal you pray
 For common people, eche in his degree,
 That God vouchſafe to graunt them al his grace.
 Where ſhould I now beginne to bidde my beades?
 Or who ſhal firſt be put in common place?
 My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
 I cannot ſee who beſt deſerues the roome,
 Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
 Yet ſo the Sayler faith I do him wrong :
 That one contends, his paines are without peare,
 That other faith, that none be like to his,
 In dede they labour both exceedingly.
 But ſince I ſee no ſhipman that can liue
 Without the plough, and yet I many ſee
 (Which liue by lande) that neuer ſawe the ſeas :
 Therefore I ſay, ſtand forth *Peerce* plowman firſt,
 Thou winſt the roome, by verie worthineſſe.

Behold him (prieſts) and though he ſlink of ſweat
 Diſdaine him not : for ſhal I tel you what?
 Such clime to heauen, before the ſhauen crownes.
 But how? forſooth, with true humilytie.
 Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
 Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
 Nor that they ſet, debate betwene their lords,
 By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds :
 Nor for becauſe, they can both crowche and creep
 (The guilefulſt men, that euer God yet made)
 VVhen as they meane, moſt miſchiefe and deceite,
 Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
 And ſay they racke, their rents an ace to high,
 VVhen they themſelues, do ſel their landlords lambe
 For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
 I ſee you *Peerce*, my glaſſe was lately ſcowerde.
 But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
 Both King and Knight, and prieſts in cloyſter pent :
 Therefore I ſay, that ſooner ſome of them
 Shal ſcale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
 Than cornfed beaſts, whoſe bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
 As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
 And if you haue a *Pateroster* spare
 Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them send
 More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
 For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
 That they once learne, to speake without a lye,
 And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes :
 That they forget, to steale from euery fraight,
 And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
 That manners make, them giue their betters place,
 And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
 And say, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,
 To pray for al, which seme to do amisse :
 And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,
 VVhich asketh me, when shal our prayers end ?
 I tel thee (puest) when shoemakers make shoes, .
 That are wel fowed, with neuer a such amisse,
 Aud vse no crafte, in vtring of the same :
 VVhen Taylours steale, no stuffe from gentlemen,
 VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
 And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry.
 when Cutlers leaue, to sel olde rustie blades,
 And hide no crackes, with foder nor deceit :
 when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
 when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
 when colliers put, no dust into their sacks,
 when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
 when Daue Diker diggs, and dallies not,
 when smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,
 when millers, toll not with a golden thumb,
 when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
 when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
 when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,
 when horsecorfers, beguile no friends with lades,

when weauers weight, is found in hufwiues web.
(But why dwel I, fo long among thefe lowts?)

VWhen mercers make, more bones to fwere and iye,
VWhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
VWhen printers paffe, none errours in their bookes,
VWhen hatters vfe, to bye none olde caft robes,
VWhen goldsmithes get, no gains by fodred crownes.
When vpholsters, fel fethers without duft,
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by guing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tush thefe are toys, but yet my glas fheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themfelues,
VWhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vfe no brags,
When customers, conceale no covine vfde,
VWhen Seachers fee, al corners in a fhippe,
(And fpie no pens by any fight they fee)
VWhen fhrues do ferue, al proceffe as they ought,
VWhen baylifcs ftrain, none other thing but ftrays,
VWhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
VWhen proude furueyours, take no parting pens,
VWhen Siluer fticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al thefe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
VWhen Sicophants, can finde no place in counte,
But are efpied, for *Eechoes*, as they are,
When roysters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by fwearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
VWhen *Lays* lues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al thefe things, are ordred as they ought,
Aud fee themfelues, within my glafie of fteele,
Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday.

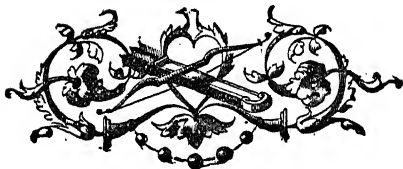
THE STEEL GLAS.

And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



EPILOGVS.



Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,
I shut my glaffe, before you gafde
your fill,
And at a glimfe, my feely felfe haue
fpied,
A stranger trowpe, than any yet
were fene :
Beholde (my lorde) what monfters
muster here,

With Angels face, and harmefull helifh harts,
With fmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnnes, and ftony cruel mindes,
With ftealing fleppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer ftande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with fundry fubtill fleights,
But paint and flicke, til fayrefte face be foule,
But bumbaft, bolster, frifle, and perfume :
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in delicateft difhes.
The yonger forte, come pyping on apace,
In whiffles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder forte, go ftately ftalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and Towres, reuenewes and receipts,
Lordfhips, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What fhould thefe be ? (fpeake you my louely lord)
They be not men : for why ? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare fuch fide long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which feme fo faintifh.
What be they ? women ? masking in mens weedes ?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde ?
 With Spanisb spangs, and ruffles fet out of France,
 With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt ?
 They be so fure euen *VVo* to *Men* in dede.
 Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
 High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
 Since al the hands, al paper pen, and inke,
 Which euer yet, this wretched world possesse,
 Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
 No no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,
 (And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
 Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre :
 And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
 But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
 VVe wil espie, some funny Sommers day,
 To loke againe, and see some femely fights.
 Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth besech,
 That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
 Vntil my braines, may better stufte deuise.

FINIS :

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.





The complaynt
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



IMPRINTED AT
London by Henrie Binne-
man for Richarde

Smith.

Anno Domini 1576.

To the right honorable, my
singuler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of
Wilton, Knight of the most noble
order of the Garter



Yght noble, when I had determined with myself to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glasfe*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abused by the bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares past, I had begonne an *Elegye* or sorrowfull song, called the *Complainte of Phylomene*, the which I began too deuise riding by the high way betwene Chelmsford and London, and being ouertaken with a fodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinishe: and so it hath continued euer since vntil this present moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glasfe*. And bycause I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glasfe*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and pece vp the saide *Complaint* of *Philomene*, obseruing neuerthelesse the same determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is saide) twelue yeares nowe past. The which I presume with the rest to present vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my good entente therin. And I further beseeche that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no further trouble your honor with these rude lines, but beseech of the almightie long to preferue you to his pleasure. From my pore house in VValkamstowe the sixtenth of April 1575.

Your *L. bounden and most assured*
George Gascoigne.

PHILOMENE.



IN fweet April, the meſſenger to
May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in
golden ſhowres,
When euery byrde, records hir
louers lay,
And weſterne windes, do fofter forth
our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the deſcant of the Nightingale,
And as I ſtoode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus ſhe tolde hir tale.

Theſe thriftles birds (quoth ſhe) which ſpend the day,
In needleſſe notes, and chaunt withouten ſkil,
Are coſtly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which ſpend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when thoſe birds take their reſt,
Forpine my ſelfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breſte.
I leade a life, to pleaſe the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet feely ſoule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and ſeke for feedes at large.
The Throſtle ſhe, which makes the wood to ring
With ſhryching lowde, that lothſome is to heare,
Is coſtly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whoſe notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good footh (quoth ſhe) ſometimes I wepe
To ſee Tom Tyttimouſe, ſo much ſet by.
The Finche, which ſingeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aſwel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they ſinge aloſte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet faith, for ſinging ſweete and ſotte,
(In hir conceit) there is none ſuch as ſhe.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
 And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole :
 The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
 And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.
 And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
 For harmony, fet al these babes to schole,
 And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
 Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
 But should I so ? no no so wil I not.
 Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.
 (For like to like, the prouerbe faith I wot)
 And should I then, my cunning skil disclose ?
 For such vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
 To sucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke ?
 And rather praise, the chattering of a pye,
 Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke ?
 Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
 The iangling lay, for that becomes them wel.
 And in the silent night then let them walke,
 To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
 And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
 My pleasant voice, to founde, at their request.
 But shrowd my selfe, in darkefome night and raine,
 And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neast.
 Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percase)
 To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
 It shalbe done, in some such secret place,
 That fewe or none, may thervnto resorte.
 These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,
 Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song.
 But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
 Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.
 And as I geffe, not many miles from hence,
 There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,
 For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
 He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night :
 And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.
 But such a liuely song (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I such another note.
 It was (thought me) so pleafant and fo plaine,
Orphæus harpe, was neuer halfe fo fweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus ſhe gan to plaine,
 Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy*,
 And that ſhe did, in pleafant wife repeate,
 With fweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
 But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of grieve were greate.
 For when ſhe had, fo ſoong and taken breath,
 Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart fo throbbe,
 As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
 And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and fobbe,

ſhe ſhewed great ſkil, for tunes of vnifone,
 Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug*, (in grieve) had ſuch a grace.
 Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
 And ere that paſt, not ful a furlong ſpace,
 ſhe gan againe, in melodie to melt,
 And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
 Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)
 Remember al, which hir fweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt
 And that faide thus : *Nêmeſis, Nêmeſis*,
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir breſt,
 As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

ſhort tale to make, hir ſinging founded ſo,
 And pleaſde mine eares, with ſuch varietie,
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
 Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)
 ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
 Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,
 Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
 Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)
 might therwith, one fuder fauor craue,
 To vnderſtand, what hir ſwete notes might meane.
 And in that thought, (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
 And in my flomber, had I such a fight,
 As yet to thinke thereon doth glad my minde.
 Me thought I sawe a derling of delight,
 A stately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
 Whose glittering gite, so glimfed in mine eyes,
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
 Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuise,
 To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
 But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
 She cast sometimes, a grievous frowning glance,
 As who would say : by this it may appeare,
 That *Iust reuenge*, is *Prest for euery chance*,
 In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
 She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
 And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
 Beboft with gold, and many a gingling ring :
 She came apace, and stately did she stay,
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,
 The courteous dame, these words to me did say :
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
 To vnderstande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
 (For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
 And what the founde, of euery note might meane,
 Gue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
 With fauour eke, they further such affaires,
 As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
 And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
 Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
 They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
 And louingly, haue sent me here bylowe,
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,
 Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely spend in spring,
 For he that wel, *Dan Nasoes* verses notes,
 Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
 Gue eare (sir Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel
 Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.



TN *Athens* reignde somtimes,
A king of worthy fame,
VVho kept in courte a stately
traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They fit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himselfe had none endure,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewicht,
This peerelesse Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie such and so wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

*See : see : how higheſt harmes,
Do lurke in ripeſt Ioyes,
How couertly doth ſorrow ſhrowde,
In trymmesſt worldely toyes.*

THE COMPLAINT

These iewels of his ioy,
 Became his cause of care,
 And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
 VVhich caught their lues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
 Bycause he came of kings,
 (So weddings made for worldly welth
 Do seme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde :
 VVhose eldest daughter chosen was,
 To serue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
 And she by whom I meane,
 To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
 VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
 The feasting done and past,
 To *Thrace* with his new wedded spouse
 He turneth at the last.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
 And iolytie they spent,
 Both satiffied with deepe delight,
 And cloyde with al content.

¶ At last the dame desirde
 Hir sifter for to see,
 Such coles of kindly loue did seme
 VVithin hir brest to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
 He graunts to hir request,
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,
 VVhere *Phylomene* doth rest.

He past the foming seas,
 And findes the pleasant porte,
 Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
 To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receivde,
 And) welcomde by the king,
 He shewde the cause, which thither then
 Did his ambassade bring.

His father him embrast,
 His sifter kist his cheeke,
 In al the court his comning was
 Reioyst of euerie Greeke.

*O see the sweete deceit,
 Which blindeth worldly wits,
 How common peoples loue by lumpes,
 And fancie comes by fits.*

*The foe in friendly wise,
 Is many times embrace,
 And he which meanes most faith and troth
 By grudging is disgrast.*

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
 In comely garments cladde,
 As one whom newes of sifers helth
 Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
 Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
 To get more grace by crummes of cost,
 And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no sooner sawe
 (I meane this *Thracian* prince)
 But streight therwith his fancies fume
 All reason did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,
 Might kindle rotten reeds :
 Euen fo hir looke a secret flame,
 Within his bosome breeds.

He thinks al leysure long
 Til he (with hir) were gone,
 And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
 VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
 And if he cravde too much,
 He then excusde him felfe, and faide
 That *Prognos* words were such.

His teares confirmed all
 Teares : like to sisters teares,
 As who shuld say by these fewe drops
 Thy sisters grieve appeares.

So finely could he faine,
 That wickednesse seemde wit,
 And by the lawde of his pretence,
 His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* fet forth
 The force of his request,
 And cravde (with sighes) hir fathers leaue
 To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
 And collingly him kist,
 And for hir welth did seke the woe
 VVherof she little wist.

Meane while stooode *Tereus*,
 Beholding their affectes
 And made those pricks (for his desire
 A spurre in al respects.

And wist himfelfe hir fire,
VVhen fhe hir fire embraft,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chaft.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
The powre for to denay,
His own deare child, and fonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
To thanke him on hir knee,
Supposing that for good fucceffe,
VVhich hardeft happe must be.

But (leaft my tale feeme long)
Their fhipping is preparte :
And to the fhore this aged Greeke,
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
He vfe this parting fpeech :
Daughter (quoth he) you haue defire
Your fifters court to feech.

Your fifter feemes likewise,
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, and *Tereus* here
The felfe fame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withftande
So many deepe defires,
But this (quoth he) remember al
Your father you requires,

And thee (my fonne of *Thrace*,)
I constantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
And al that feemeth fure,

That father like, thou fende
 My daughter deare from scathe,
 And (since I counte al leasure long)
 Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
 (Quoth he) come soone againe,
 Thy sisters absence puts thy fyre,
 To too much pruiue paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,
 And sent a second kisse
 For *Progne* part, and (bathde with teares)
 His daughter doth he blisse.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand
 For token of his truth,
 VVho rather laught his teares to scorn,
 Than wept with him for ruth.

The fayles are fully spredde,
 And winds did serue at will,
 And forth this traitour king conueies
 His praie in prison still.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
 Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippe
 Is fraught with my desire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
 Vppon hir fearefull face,
 And stil behelde hir gestures all,
 And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a side,
 But like the cruel catte
 VVhich gloating casteth many a glance
 Vpon the felly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long discourse?
 They now are come on lande,
 And forth of ship the feareful wenche
 He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a felly shrowde,
 A sheepecote closely builde
 Amid the woodds, where many a lambe
 Their guiltlesse bloud had spilte,

There (like a lambe,) she stoode,
 And askte with trimbling voice,
 VVhere *Progne* was, whose only sight
 Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
 His lust in lewdnesse lapt,
 And with his filthy fraude ful fast
 This simple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
 Vnbridling blinde desire,
 And ment of hir chaste minde to make
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
 VVith force he hir supprest,
 And made hir yelde the wicked weede
 VVhose flowre he liked best.

*What could the virgine doe?
 She could not runne away,
 Whose forward feete, his harmfull hands
 With furious force did stay.*

*Ah! what should she fight?
 Fewe women win by fight:
 Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)
 And he was much of might.*

THE COMPLAINT

*It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And stil before hir feareful face,
Hir cruel foe did slande.*

*And yet she (weeping cride)
Vppon hir sisters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
Whose faete did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods she calde,
For helpe in hir distresse,
But al in vaine he wrought his wil
Whose lust was not the lesse.*

¶ *The filthie fact once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greete,
And there she sat much like a birde
New scapte from falcons feete.*

*VVhose blood embrues hir selfe,
And fitts in forie plight,
Ne dare she proue hir plumes again,
But feares a second flight.*

*At last when hart came home,
Discheveld as she fate,
VVith hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful state.*

*O Barbrous blood (quoth she)
By Barbrous deeds disgrast,
Coulede no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
Within thy brest be plaske?*

*Could not my fathers hests,
Nor my most ruthful teares,
My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares?*

*Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foulst vs al, and eke thy felfe,
We griev'd, and thou uniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compt the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou Bigamuſ)
Our fathers grieſe muſt growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Vppon thee did beſlowe.*

*But ſince my faulte, thy faſte,
My fathers uſt offence,
My ſiſters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot ſo diſpence.*

*If any Gods be good
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou ſhalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurſt,
Thou canſt no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gulte)
Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my foule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and faide,
That though I died diſcontent,
I liue and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir ſwelling fobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)
To heare theſe words did walke.

THE COMPLAINT

And skornefully he cast
 At hir a frowning glaunce,
 VVhich made the mayde to striue for spech,
 And sterling from hir traunce,

¶ *I wil reuenge (quoth she)*
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) bewray this faete
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor so.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shal heare,
The hills, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witnesse with me beare.

I will so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine acte,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie faete.

¶ These words amaze the king,
 Conscience with choller straue,
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,
 That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
 Ful despratly he drawes,
 VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
 The tong that tolde but truthe,
 The tong that moude him to be mad,
 And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
This trustie tongue he cast,
VVhose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents taile
VVhen it is cut in twaine,
And so it seemes that weakeft willes,
(By words) would ease their paine.

I blufh to tell this tale,
But fure best books fay this :
That yet the butcher did not blufh
Hir bloody mouth to kiffe.

And ofte hir bulke embraft,
And after quencht the fire,
VVhich kindled had the furnace first,
Within his foule desire.

Not herewithal content,
To *Progne* home he came,
VVho askt him streight of *Philomene* :
He (fayning grieve of game,)

Burst out in bitter teares,
And fayde the dame was dead,
And falsly tolde, what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene cast off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And drest in dole, bewailde hir death
VVhom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds
(But for a luing corse,)
And praide the gods on sisters foule
To take a iust remorse :

THE COMPLAINT

And offred sacrifice,
 To all the powers aboue.
 Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
 This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
 Twelue yeeres in order due
 And twelue times euery flowre and plan
 Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full close
 In shepcote stul was clapt,
 Enfort to bide by stonie walles
 VVhich fast (in hold) hir hapt.

And as those walles forbadde
 Hir feete by flight to scape,
 So was hir tong (by knife) restrainde,
 For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
 But onely womans witte,
 VVhich fodainly in queintest chance,
 Can best it selfe acquit.

And Miserie (amongst)
Tenne thousand mischueues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practises,
As prooffe makes men to knowe.

VVith curious needle worke,
 A garment gan she make,
 Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
 And al for bewties fake.

This garment gan she giue
 To trustie Seruants hande,
 VVho streight conueid it to the queen
 Of *Thracian Tyrants* lande.

VWhen *Progne* red the writ,
 (A wondrous tale to tell)
 She kept it clofe : though malice made
 Hir venging hart to fwell.

And did deferre the deede,
 Til time and place might ferue,
 But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,
 She fully did referue.

*O silence feldome feene,
 That women counsell keepe,
 The cause was this, she wakt hir wits
 And lulde hir tong on sleepe.*

I speake againft my fex,
 So haue I done before,
 But truth is truth, and muſte be tolde
 Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
 VWhich *Bacchus* to belong,
 And in that night the queene prepares
 Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
 VWith fworde hir felfe doth arme,
 VWith wreathes of vines about hir browes
 And many a needles charme.¹

And forth in furie flings,
 Hir handmaides following faſt,
 Vntil with haſtie ſteppes ſhe founde
 The ſhepecote at the laſt.

There howling out aloud,
 As *Bacchus* prielts do crie,
 She brake the dores, and found the place
 VWhere *Philomene* did lye.

THE COMPLAINT

And toke hir out by force,
 And drest hir *Bacchus* like,
 And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
 (For being knowen by like.)

And brought hir to hir houle,
 But when the wretch it knewe,
 That now againe she was so neere
 To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
 And lookt like ashes pale.
 But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
 Set silence al to sale,

And tooke the garments off,
 Discouering first hir face,
 And sister like did louingly
 Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)
 Held downe hir weeping eyes,
 As who should say: *Thy right (by me)*
Is reft in wrongful wife.

And down on the ground she falles,
 VVhich ground she kist hir fill,
 As witnesse that the filthie facte
 VVas done aganst hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
 In steede of tong to tell,
 VVhat violence the lecher vsde,
 And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off
 Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
 And sware with sworde (no teares) to venge
 The crafte of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
Some other meane more fure,
More stearne, more floute, then naked sword
Some mischief to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,
I shall the same embrace,
To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
Vppon the king of *Thrace*.

Ne will I spare to spende
My life in sisters cause,
In sisters? ah what saide I wretch?
My wrong shall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
VVith al the princes pelfe,
And in the midst of flaming fire,
VVil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
That taught him first to lust,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
Oh that reuenge were iust.

Or let me carue with knife,
The wicked Instrument,
VVherewith he, thee, and me abusde
(I am to mischief bent.)

Or sleeping let me seeke
To fende the soule to hel,
VVhose barbarous bones for filthy force,
Did seeme to heare the bel.

¶ These words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little sonne came leaping in
VVhich *Ætis* had to name.

VVhose prefence, could not please
 For (vewing well his face,)
 Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he growet
 Vnto his fathers grace.

And therewithal resolvde
 A rare reuenge in deede
 VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
 My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
 And cheerefully did smile,
 And hung about his mothers necke
 VVith easie weight therewhile,

And kift (as children vse)
 His angrie mothers cheeke,
 Her minde was movde to much remorse
 And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
 But wept against hir will,
 Such tender rewth of innocence,
 Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (fo furie wrought)
 VVithin hir brest she felt,
 That too much pitie made hir minde
 Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sifter fit,
 VVith heauy harte and cheere,
 And now on hir, and then on him,
 Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she brust
 (Quoth she) why flatters he?
 And why againe (with tong cut cut)
 So sadly fitteth shee?

He, mother, mother calles,
 She sifter cannot say,
 That one in earnest doth lament,
 That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
 Remember ful your race,
 And neuer marke the subtil shewes
 Of any Soule in *Thrace*.

You should degenerate,
 If right reuenge you flake,
 More right reuenge can neuer bee,
 Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
 Al mischiefe vnder skies,
 VVere pietie compard to that
 VVhich *Tereus* did deuise.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
 But (*Tygrelike*) she toke
 The little boy ful boistroufly
 VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
 She (mother) toke a blade,
 And in hir sonnes smal tender hart
 An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,
 Betwene the sisters twaine
 They tore in peces quarterly
 The corps which they had flaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,
 The rest they laide to fire,
 And on the table caused it,
 Be fet before the fire.

THE COMPLAINT

And counterfaite a cause
 (As *Grecians* order then)
 That at such feasts; (but onely one)
 They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
 Sat downe alone to eate,
 And hungerly his owne warme bloud
 Deuoured then for meate.

His ouersight was such,
 That he for *Itis* sent,
 VVose murdered members in his mawe,
 He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
 Hir ioy of grieve could hide,
 The thing thou seekst (ò wretch quoth she)
 VVithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
 And searhing for his sonne)
 Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
 By whom the grieve begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
 VVherwith she then was cladde,)
 In fathers bosom cast the head
 Of *Itis* felly ladde :

Nor euer in hir life
 Had more desire to speake,
 Than now : wherby hir madding mood
 Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince stert vp,
 VVhose hart did boyle in brest,
 To seele the foode, and see the sawce,
 VVhich he could not digest.

And armed (as he was)
He followed both the *Greekes*,
On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
A sharpe reuenge he fokes.

But when the heauenly benche,
These bloudie deedes did see,
And found that bloud full couits bloud
And so none ende could be.

They then by their forfight
Thought meete to stinte the strife,
And so restrained the murdring king,
From sifter and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongest daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly,
A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
She worthily can sing,
And as thou heart, can please the eares
Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife
A *Swallowe* was affignde,
And builds in smoky chimney toppes
And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
A *Lapwing* for to be,
VVho for his yong ones cries alwais,
Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
VVhose blouddie plumes declare the bloud
VVherwith his face was staine.

THE COMPLAINT

¶ But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
Theyongest dame toforrests fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

Ar. exposi-
tion of al
such notes
as the nigh-
tingale dot[h]
commonly
vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
VVhich (*Philomela* hight)
Delights for (feare of force againe)
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the funne to west,
Doth bende his weerie course,
Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
VVhich craueth iust remorse.

¶ And for hir foremost note,
Tereu Tereu, doth sing,
Complaining ftul vppon the name
Of that false *Thracian* king

Much like the childe at schole
VVith byrchen rodde fore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
And (ô good maister) cries,
Euen so this byrde vppon that name,
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,
Ful fast in foote, by winters night
To fende themselues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,
For pitie let them scape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
 Ful many times do crie,
 Remembring yet the ruthful plight
 VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felly byrde,
 Though now transformde in kinde,
 Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
 She beareth stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
 She notes that cruel name,
 By whom she lost hir pleafant speech
 And foiled was in fame.

2 ¶ Hir second note is *fye*,
 In Greeke and latine *phy*,
 In english *fy*, and euery tong
 That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares disdaine,
 Or lothsome leying by
 Of any thing we tast, heare, touche,
 Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some fowre.
 In hearing, some discorde,
 In touch, some foule or filthy toye,
 In smel, some sent abhorde.

In fight, some lothsome loke,
 And euery kind of waie,
 This byword phy betokneth bad,
 And things to cast away.

So that it seemes hir well,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,
 Since *phy* befytteth him so well
 In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
 Phy false vnto thy wife,
 Phy coward phy, (on womankind)
 To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
 Eye fierce, and foule forworne,
 Phy monster made of murthering mould
 Whose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
 Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
 Phy mirrour of mischeuousnesse,
 Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
 Phy forging fyne excuse,
 Phy penury, fy blasphemy,
 Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyces, and many moe,
 Pore *Philomene* may meane,
 And in hir selfe she findes percase,
 Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
 May not defended bee,
 Hir sister yet, and she trancrest,
 Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deferte,
 Their dedes grewe by disflaine,
 But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
 What wrong fouer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
 Which kildst thine only child,
 Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
 Which was not moude with milde.

Phy phy, thou close conveydft
 A ſecret il vnſene,
 Where (good to kepe in counſel cloſe)
 Had putrified thy ſplene.

Phy on thy ſiſters facte,
 And phy hir ſelfe doth ſing,
 VVhoſe lack of tong nere toucht hir fo
 As when it could not ſing.

Phy on vs both faith ſhe,
 The father onely faulted,
 And we (the father free therewhile)
 The felly ſonne affalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
 Is *Iug, Iug, Iug*, I geſſe,
 That might I leaue to latyniſts,
 By learning to expreſſe.

Some commentaries make
 About it much adoe:
 If it ſhould onely *Iugum* meane
 Or *Iugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
 The *Iug*, ſhe iugleth fo,
 But *Iugulator* is the word
 That doubleth al hir woe.

For when ſhe thinkes thereon,
 She beares them both in minde,
 Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
 Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faſt as furies force
 Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
 So faſt hir conſcience choks hir vp,
 And wo to wrong doth linke.

THE COMPLAINT

At laſt (by grieſe conſtrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
VVith *Eecho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next moſt note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my ſelfe the partie am
On whom ſhe then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmeſis*
And *Nèmeſis* am I,
The Goddeſſe of al iuſt reuenge,
VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in raſheſt rage,
Vntil the cauſe be ſcand.

And ſuch as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May ſcape this ſcourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
It ſmelleth of the ſmoke.

This is the cauſe (ſir Squire
Quoth ſhe) that *Phylomene*
Doth cal ſo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane :

She feeles a iuſt reuenge.
Of that which ſhe hath done,
Conſtrainde to vſe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir funne.

Ne can she now complaine,
(Although she lost hir tong)
For since that time, ne yet before,
No byrde so fwetely foong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaille hir woe,
I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
VVhen it was graunted fo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knows not she,
And like hir selfe transformed eke
A felly byrde to bee :

On him this sharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is belovde of make.

As foone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The felly shift of dewties dole
VVhich him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,
And flieth farre him fro,
And close conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame should serue them este,
As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To feke his sonne, and filles the ayre
VVith loude lamenting cries.

THE COMPLAINT

This lothsome life he leads
 By our almightie dome,
 And thus sings she, where company
 But very feldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
 For fable should be taken,
 And therevpon my curtesie,
 By thee might be forsaken :

Remember al my words,
 And beare them wel in minde,
 And make thereof a metaphore,
 So shalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and pastime,
 In al that I thee tel :
 I knowe thy skil wil ferue therto,
 And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) she stong so fast
 away,
 That scarce I could, hir seemely shaddowe see.
 At last : my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
 Did slippe, and I, must needs awaked be,
 Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
 For willingly I could my selfe content,
 Seuen dayes to sleepe for *Philomels* sake,
 So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were spent.
 But you my Lord which reade this ragged verse,
 Forgiue the faults of my so sleepey muse,
 Let me the heaft of *Nemesis* rehearse,

The au-
 thor conti-
 nevveth
 his dis-
 course and
 concludeth.

For sure I fee, much sense therof ensues.
 I seeme to see (my Lord) that lechers lust,
 Procures the plague, and vengauce of the highest,
 I may not say, but God is good and iust,
 Although he scourge the furdest for the nighest :
 The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,
 Yea foure discentes it beares the burden stil,
 Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
 That dole steppes in and wieldes the world at wil.
 O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
 The best is bad that lights on lechery
 And (al wel weyed) he sits in Fortunes lappe,
 Which feelles no sharper scourge than beggery.
 You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
 Which vse al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
 Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
 Which bewtie force, to loose what bountie bindes :
 Thinke on the scourge that *Nemesis* doth beare,
 Remember this, that God (although he winke)
 Doth see al sinnes that euer secret were.
 (*Væ vobis*) then which still in sinne do sinke.
 Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,
 Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
 The flesh may spurre to euerlasting fire,
 But sure, that horse which tyreth like a roile,
 And lothes the grieve of his forgalded sides,
 Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
 Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
 But hunttes for sinne in euery hil and holte.
 He which is single, let him spare to spil
 The flowre of force, which makes a famous man :
 Lest when he comes to matrimonies will,
 His synest graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
 He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
 Be wel content with that which may suffyse,
 And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
 Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies :
 For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* shee,
 Were so transformde into a fethered foule,

Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,
 Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
 And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,
 Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.
 Yea surely some, the best of al the broode
 (If they had might) with furious force would kil.
 But force them not, whose force is not to force.
 And way their words as blasts of blustering winde,
 VVhich comes ful calme, when stormes are past by
 course :

Yet God aboue that can both lose and bynde,
 VVil not so soone appeased be therefore,
 He makes the male, of female to be hated,
 He makes the fire go fighting wondrous fore,
 Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.
 I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning fires,
 Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.
 But plague (be like) by fathers foule desires
 Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace
 Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
 And howles and cries to see his children stray,
 Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought
 Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
 Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphosed*,
 From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beastes :
 Yea brauest dames, (if they amisse once tredde)
 Finde bitter sauce, for al their pleasant feasts.
 They must in fine condemned be to dwell
 In thickest vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,
 Vntil at last, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
 They may *chop chalke*, and take some better trade.
 Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
 Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
 To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.
 The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
 Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
 To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
 (I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
 At bewties blafe : for such a wilful breach,

Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To fay (*George*) thinke on *Philomelâes* song.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may se how coblerlike
I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole,
beginning this complante of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562,
continuing it a little further in Aprill. 1575 and now
thus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto
our good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see
the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more
than I can deferue. And yet rest

*Your Lordships bownden
and assured.*





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(c) An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament for the Regulatung of Printing, &c. 1643.

LORD MACAULAY He attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes.—*Edinburgh Review*, p 344, August, 1825

H. HALLAM. Many passages in this famous tract are admirably eloquent an intense love of liberty and truth flows through it, the majestic soul of MILTON breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before —*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii 660 Ed. 1839

W. H. PRESCOTT The most splendid argument perhaps the world had then witnessed on behalf of intellectual liberty —*History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA*, iii. 391. Ed 1845.

2. HUGH LATIMER.

Ex-Bishop of Worcester.

The Ploughers. 1549.

A notable Sermon of ye reuerende Father Master HUGHE LATIMER, whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules church in London on the xviij daye of Januarye.

SIR R. MORISON Did there ever any one (I say not in England only, but among other nations) flourish since the time of the Apostles, who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester?—*Apomaxis Calumniarum*. . . quibus JOANNES COCLEUS &c., f 78. Ed 1537.

It was in this Sermon, that LATIMER (himself an ex-Bishop) astonished his generation by saying that the Devil was the most diligent Prelate and Preacher in all England "Ye shal neuer fynde him idle I warraunte you."

3. STEPHEN GOSSON.

Stud. Oxon.

The Schoole of Abuse. 1579.

(a) *The Schoole of Abuse. Conteing a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth; Setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischieuous exercise and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Plophane Writers, Naturall reason and common experience.* 1579.

(b) *An Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, and their Excusers.* [Dec.] 1579.

This attack is thought to have occasioned SIR PHILIP SIDNEY's writing of the following *Apologie for Poesie*

GOSSON was, in succession, Poet, Actor, Dramatist, Satirist, and a Puntan Clergyman.

4. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

An Apology for Poetry. [P 1580.]

An Apologie for Poetrie. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight. 1595.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. The defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as CHRYSOSTOM did the works of ARISTOPHANES.—*North American Review*, p. 57. January, 1832.

The Work thus divides itself:—

The Etymology of Poetry.

The Anatomy of the Effects of Poetry.

The Anatomy of the Parts of Poetry.

Objections to Poetry answered.

Criticism of the existing English Poetry.

5. EDWARD WEBBE,

A Chief Master Gunner.

Travels. 1590.

The rare and most wonderful things which EDWARD WEBBE an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome traualles, in the Citties of Ierusalem, Damasko, Bethelem and Galely: and in all the landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Grecia, Russia, and in the Land of Prester John.

Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres together, in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his releasement and coming to England. [1590.]

6. JOHN SELDEN.

Table Talk. [1634-1654.]

Table Talk: being the Discourses of JOHN SELDEN, Esq.; or his Sense of various Matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State. 1689.

S. T. COLERIDGE. There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer. O! to have been with SELDEN over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom.—*Literary Remains*, iii. 361-2. Ed. 1836.

H. HALLAM. This very short and small volume gives, perhaps, a more exalted notion of SELDEN's natural talents than any of his learned writings.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 347. Ed. 1836.

Above all things, Liberty.

7. ROGER ASCHAM.

Toxophilus. 1544

*Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge, conteyned in two bookes.
To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr
pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to follow both in war
and peace.*

In a dialogue between *TOXOPHILUS* and *PHILOLOGUS*, ASCHAM not only gives us one of the very best books on Archery in our language, but as he tells King Henry VIII., in his Dedication, "this litle treatise was purposed, begon, and ended of me, onelie for this intent, that Labour, Honest pastime, and Vertu might recouer againe that place and right, that Idlenesse, Unthriftie Gaming, and Vice hath put them fro."

8. JOSEPH ADDISON.

Criticism on *Paradise Lost*. 1711-1712.

From the *Spectator*, being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May, 1712. In these papers, which constitute a Primer to *Paradise Lost*, ADDISON first made known, and interpreted to the general English public, the great Epic poem, which had then been published nearly half a century.

After a general discussion of the *Fable*, the *Characters*, the *Sentiments*, the *Language*, and the *Defects* of MILTON's Great Poem; the Critic devotes a Paper to the consideration of the *Beauties* of each of its Twelve Books.

9. JOHN LYLY,

Novelist, Wit, Poet, and Dramatist.

Euphues. 1579-1580.

*EUPHUES, the Anatomy of Wit. Very pleasant for all
Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember.*

*VVherein are contained the delights that Wit followeth in his
youth, by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth
in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome. 1579.*

*EUPHUES and his England. Containing his voyage and
aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue,
the description of the countrey, the Court, and the manners of
that Isle. 1580.*

Of great importance in our Literary History.

10. GEORGE VILLIERS,

*Second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.**The Rehearsal. 1671.**The Rehearsal, as it was Acted at the Theatre Royal.*

Many of the passages of anterior plays that were parodied in this famous Dramatic Satire on DRYDEN in the character of *BAYES*, are placed on opposite pages to the text BRIAN FAIRFAX's remarkable life of this Duke of BUCKINGHAM is also prefixed to the play.

The Heroic Plays, first introduced by Sir W. D'AVENANT, and afterwards greatly developed by DRYDEN, are the object of this laughable attack LACY, who acted the part of *BAYES*, imitated the dress and gesticulation of DRYDEN.

The Poet repaid this compliment to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in 1681, by introducing him in the character of *ZIMRA* in his *ABSOLON and ACHITOPHEL*.

11. GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

*Soldier and Poet.**The Steel Glass, &c. 1576.*

(a) *A Remembrance of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire, who deceased at Stalmford in Lincoln shire, the 7 of October, 1577. The reporte of GEOR. WHETSTONS, Gent. 1577.*

There is only one copy of this metrical Life. It is in the Bodleian Library.

(b) *Certaine notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English. 1575.*

This is our First printed piece of Poetical Criticism.

(c) *The Steele Glas.*

Written in blank verse.

Probably the fourth printed English Satire: those by BARCLAY, ROY, and Sir T. WYATT being the three earlier ones.

(d) *The complaynt of PHILOMENE. An Elegie. 1576.*

12. JOHN EARLE,

*Afterwards Bishop of SALISBURY.**Microcosmographie. 1628.*

Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters.

This celebrated book of Characters is graphically descriptive of the English social life of the time, as it presented itself to a young Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, including *A She precise Hypocrite, A Sceptic in Religion, a good old man, etc.*

This Work is a notable specimen of a considerable class of books in our literature, full of interest, and which help Posterity much better to understand the Times in which they were written

13. HUGH LATIMER,

Ex-Bishop of WORCESTER.

Seven Sermons before Edward VI. 1549.

The fyrste [—seuenth] Sermon of Mayster HUGHE LATIMER, whiche he preached before the Kynges Maestie wythin his graces palayce at Westminster on each Friday in Lent. 1549.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. LATIMER, . . . brave, sincere, honest, inflexible, not distinguished as a writer or a scholar, but exercising his power over men's minds by a fervid eloquence flowing from the deep conviction which animated his plain, pithy, and free-spoken Sermons.—*History of England*, II. 291. *Ed.* 1831.

14. Sir THOMAS MORE.

Translation of Utopia. 1516-1557.

A frutefull and pleasaunt worke of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle called Utopia VVritten in Latine by Sir THOMAS MORE, Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by RALPH ROBYNSON.

LORD CAMPBELL Since the time of PLATO there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors (Life of Sir. T. More)*, I. 583. *Ed.* 1845.

In the imaginary country of Utopia, MORE endeavours to sketch out a State based upon two principles—(1) community of goods, no private property, and consequently (2) no use for money

15. GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

A Gentleman Pensioner to Queen ELIZABETH.

The Art of English Poesy. 1589.

The Arte of English Poesie.

Contrinued into three Bookes: The first of POETS and POESIE, the second of PROPORTION, the third of ORNAMENT.

W. OLDYS. It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters, and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with.—*Sir WALTER RALEIGH*, liv. *Ed.* 1736.

O. GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable books of the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.—*Censura Literaria*, I. 339. *Ed.* 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech

16. JAMES HOWELL,

of the Council to CHARLES I., afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II.

Instructions for Foreign Travel. 1642.

Instructions for forreine travelle. Shewing by what cours, and what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practical use of the Languages, to good purpose.

See MURRAY, BÆDEKER, and *Practical Guide to the Grand Tour* through Europe, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the complete education of an English Gentleman.

The route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The allowed is 3 years and 4 months: the months to be spent in travelling, and years in residence at the different cities.

17. NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School.

Roister Doister. [1553-1566.]

It is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the

light from the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College; which is thought to have been printed in 1566.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

ATHEW MERRYGRFEK

WIN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame CUSTANCE.*

ISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend.*

IBINET DOUGHTY, "boy" to ROISTER DOISTER.

IM TRUEPENNY, *servant to Dame CUSTANCE.*

IS SURESBY, *servant to GOODLUCK.*

rejuvener.

repax.

ISME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a widow.*

ISGERY MUMBLECRUST, *her nurse.*

BET TALKAPACE } *her maidens.*

ISNOT ALYFACE }

18. A Monk of Evesham,

The Revelation, &c. 1186[-1410]. 1485.

Here begynnyth a marvellous reuelacion that was schewyd by the myghty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euysshamme yn the days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of owre lord, 7. Lxxxxvi.

One of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English printers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA; who printed this text about 1485, in the name of CAXTON.

The essence of the story is as old as it professes to be; but contains later additions, the orthography, being of about 1410. It is very devoutly written, and contains a curious Vision of Purgatory.

The writer is a prototype of BUNYAN, and his description of the Gate in the Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet sound of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very beautiful.

19. JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco. 1604.

(a) *The Essays of a Prentise, in the Duine Art of Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI. of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585, and includes *Ane Short treatise, containing some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit and escheuit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of printed Poetical Criticism.

(b) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of *the Introduction and Early use of Tobacco in England*. The herb first came into use in Europe as a medicinal leaf for poultices: smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians.

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion:—

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

20. Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards.

Fragmenta Regalia. 1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, her Times and Favourites. [1630.]

Naunton writes:—

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay; a little Draught of this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State and favour."

21. THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law.

Poems. 1582-1593.

(a) *The Ἐκατομπαθια or Passionate Centurie of Loue.*

Divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Author's sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farwell to Loue and all his tyrannie. 1582.

(b) MELIBŒUS, *Sive Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi Viri Domini FRANCISCI WALSINGHAM.* 1590.

(c) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590.

(d) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the *unique* copy, wanting *Sonnets* 9-16, in the possession of S CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Britwell.

22. WILLIAM HABINGTON,

Castara. 1640.

CASTARA. *The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.*

CASTARA was Lady LUCY HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Lord POWIS, and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure courtship followed by a happy marriage. With these, are also Songs of Friendship, especially those referring to the Hon GEORGE TALBOT

In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters, on *A Mistress, A Wife, A Friend, and The Holy Man.*

23. ROGER ASCHAM,

The Schoolmaster. 1570.

The Scholemaster, or plane and perfitte way of teachyng children to understand, write, and speake, in Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging up of youth in Ientleman and Noble mens houses, &c.

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY's delight in reading *PLATO*, an attack on the *Italianated* Englishman of the time, and much other information not specified in the above title

In it, ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which may be described as *the double translation of a model book*

24. HENRY HOWARD,

Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS WYATT.

NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany. 5 June, 1557.

Songes and Sonettes, vwritten by the right honourable Lorde HENRY HOWARD late Earle of SURREY, and other.

With 39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer, RICHARD TOTTEL, of 31 July, 1557

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and also the first appearance in print of any considerable number of English Sonnets.

TOTTEL in his *Address to the Reader*, says :—

"That to haue wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Launes, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthyly as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depewitted Sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly."

25. Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Sermons. 1550.

(a) *A fruitfull Sermon in Paules church at London in the Shroudes.*(b) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maestrie, and his honourable Counsell.*(c) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse.* 1550.

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which are of *extreme* rarity. They throw much light on the communistic theories of the Norfolk rebels, and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious account of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI.

26. WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate.

A Discourse of English Poetry. 1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the Authors judgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the year in which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London.

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for £64.

This Work should be read with STANYHURST'S *Translation of Aeneid*, I.-IV, 1582, see p. 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexameters; and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them. He also translates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPENSER'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

27. FRANCIS BACON.

afterwards Lord VERULAM Viscount ST ALBANS

A Harmony of the Essays, &c. 1597-1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add. So that nothing is finished, till all be finished.—SIR FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb., 1610-[11]

(a) *Essays, Religious Meditations, and Places of perswasion and dissuasion* 1597.

(b) *The Writings of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight the Kinges Solicitor General in Moralltie, Politie, Historie.*

(c) *The Essaies of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall.*

(d) *The Essayes or Counsellis, Civill and Morall of FRANCIS Lord VERULAM, Viscount ST. ALBAN.* 1625.

28. WILLIAM ROY. JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars.

Read me, and be not wroth! [1528.]

- (a) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thynge but trothe
I will ascende makynge my state so hie,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye
O Caytife when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall*

This is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English Protestant book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture. See p. 22 for the Fifth such book.

The next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, in 1530.

- (b) *A proper dialoge, betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman, eche complaynyng to other their miserable calamite, through the ambition of the clergy.*

- (c) *A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought to have the scripture in Englysshe.*

29. Sir WALTER RALEIGH. GERVASE MARKHAM J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge." 1591.

- (a) *A Report of the truth of the fight about the Iles of Acores, this last la Sommer. Betwixt the REUENGE, one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an ARMADA of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W. RALEIGH]

- (b) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir RICHARD GRINUILE, Knight.* 1595.

[By GERVASE MARKHAM]

- (c) *[The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

[By JAV HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.]

Several accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea fights in our Naval History

30. BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. 1563.

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE GOOGE.

Three copies only known Reprinted from the *Huth* copy.

In the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B GOOGE*, will be found an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his wife

A new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations. When this book first appeared, translations were all the rage among the "young England" of the day. This Collection of *original* Occasional Verse is therefore the more noticeable. The Introduction gives a glimpse of the principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the Translators of *SENECA'S Tragedies*, etc., and including such names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH, NORTON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON

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1. William Caxton,

our first Printer

Translation of REYNARD THE FOX. 1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I haue not added ne mynished but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my cotype which was in dutche | and by me WILLIAM CAXTON translated in to this rude and symple englyssh in th[e] abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake, but especially as being translated as well as printed by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June, 1481.

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox from punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and dishonourable deeds. It also shows the struggle between the power of Words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter. It was necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence: the blame of REYNARD is in the frightful misuse he makes of it.

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all groweth and cometh sore up, though they have no red beards."

2. John Knox,

the Scotch Reformer

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &C.
1558.

(a) *The First Blast of a Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(b) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Second BLAST.*

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby. At that moment the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hopes of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women—MARY of Lorraine, the Regent of Scotland; her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots), Queen MARY TUDOR, and the Princess ELIZABETH.

The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(c) KNOX's *apologetical Defence of his FIRST BLAST, &C., to Queen ELIZABETH.* 1559.

3. Clement Robinson,

and diuers others.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS.
1584.

A Handeful of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung euere Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor used heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegaie, &c.*, in this Poetical Miscellany, of which only one copy is now known.

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeues*, which first appeared four years previously.

This is the Third printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

22 *The English Scholar's Library*

4. [Simon Fish, *of Gray's Inn*]

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS. [? 1529.]

A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.

Stated by J. Fox to have been distributed in the streets of London on Candlemas Day [2 Feb., 1529]

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scripture that was printed in the English Language

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T. More's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5. [Rev. John Udall, *Minister at Kingston on Thames.*]

DIOTREPHESES. [1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betweene DIOTREPHESES a Byshopp, TERTULLUS a Papiste, DEMETRIUS an usurer, PANDOCCHUS an Innekeeper, and PAULE a preacher of the word of God.

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy*. For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined, and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invectives.

The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCCHUS's Inn, which is in a posting-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6. [?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS. [Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Parnassus: or The Scourge of Simony. Publicly acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December, 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes them speak thus:

"KEMP. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Onid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Iuppiter*. Why heeres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [*Ay*] and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit:

"BURBAGE. It's a shrewd fellow indeed."

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has not yet been cleared up. It was evidently recent, when (in Dec., 1601) this play was written.

7. Thomas Decker,

The Dramatist

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF
LONDON, &c. 1606.

*The seven deadly Sinnes of London drawn in seven severall
pages, through the seven severall Gates of the Citie, bringing
the Plague with them.*

A prose Allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in
1606.

The seven sins are—

FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.

LYING

CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*)

SLOTH.

APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*)

SHAVING (*Cheating*), and CRUELTY.

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers, are all allegori-
cally described

8. *The Editor.*

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE
MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY.
1588-1590.

(a) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*

(b) *The Origin of the Controversy.*

(c) *Depositions and Examinations.*

(d) *State Documents.*

(e) *The Brief held by Sir JOHN PUCKERING, against the
Martinists.*

The REV J UDALL (who was, however, *not* a Martinist); Mrs. CRANE,
of Molesey, Rev J PENRY, Sir R KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near North-
ampton, HUMPHREY NEWMAN, the London cobbler, JOHN HALE, Esq, of
Leicester, Mr and Mrs WEEKSTON, of Wolston, JOB THROCKMORTON,
Esq, HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers.

(f) *Miscellaneous Information.*

(g) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of MAR-
TIN MARPRELATE?*

9. [Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE. 1588.

*A Demonstration of the truth of that discipline which
CHRISTE hath prescribed in his worde for the gouvernement of his
Church, in all times and places, until the ende of the worlde.*

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton
Court, in July, 1588, and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the
following November

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presby-
terian Puritanism, as it was then understood. Its author asserted for it, the
infallibility of a Divine Logic, but two generations had not passed away,
before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had
been discarded

24 *The English Scholar's Library.*

10. Richard Stanyhurst,

the Irish Historian.

Translation of ÆNEID I.-IV. 1582.

Thee first foure Bookes of VIRGIL his Æneis translated intoo English heroical [i.e., hexameter] verse by RICHARD STANYHURST, wyth oother Poetical diuises theretoo annexed.

Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by IOHN PATES, Anno M D.LXXXII.

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language, and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition is of extreme rarity.

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., reprinted from the only two copies known, neither of which is quite perfect.

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*; and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than any one else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical feet.

11. *Martin Marprelate.*

THE EPISTLE. 1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, for it is a worthy worke : Or an epitome of the fyrste Booke of that right worshipfull volume, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the noble cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste, JOHN BRIDGES, Presbyter, Priest or Elder, doctor of Diuinitie, and Deane of Sarum.

The Epitome [p. 26] is not yet published, but it shall be, when the Bysshops are at convenient leysure to view the same. In the meane tyme, let them be content with this learned Epistle.

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, gentleman.

12. Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON. 1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS alarum to slumbering EUPHUES, in his melancholie Cell at Sulexedra. VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuat Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.

One of GREENE'S novels with TOM NASH'S Preface, so important in reference to the earlier *HAMLET*, before SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy GREENE'S "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of Sir P. SIDNEY'S *Arcadia* in 1590.

13. George Joy,

an early Protestant Reformer

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE. 1535.

An Apologye made by GEORGE JOYE to satisfye (if it may be) W. TINDALE: to purge and defende himselfe against so many sclanderous lyes fayned vpon him in TINDAL'S uncharitable and unsober Pystle so well worthye to be prefixed for the Reader to induce him into the understanding of hys new Testament diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde, 1534, in Nouember [Antwerp, 27 Feb., 1535].

This almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious editions of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English market with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, in the interval between TINDALE'S first editions in 1526, and his revised Text (above referred to) in 1534.

14. Richard Barnfield.

of Darlaston, Staffordshire

POEMS. 1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepherd. Containing the Complaynt of DAPHNIS for the Loue of GANYMEDE.

In the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of *Virgill*, in the second *Eglogue of Alexis*"

CYNTHIA. *With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of CASANDRA.* 1595.

The Author thus concludes his Preface: "Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the First Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*), I leaue you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may breed your delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA: or, The Praise of Money. 1598.

Two of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKESPEARE. The disproof is given in the Introduction

15. T[homas] C[oo]per.

[Bishop of WINCHESTER]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

An admonition to the people of England VVherein are answered, not onely the slaunderous vntruethes, reprochfully vttered by MARTIN the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredit the present state of the Church. [Jan. 1589].

This is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to MARTIN MARPRELATE'S *Epistle of* [Nov.] 1508: see No. 11 on p. 24.

It was published between the appearance of the *Epistle* and that of the *Epitome*.

16. Captain John Smith,

President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.

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- (4) New England's Trials. 1620 and 1622.
- (5) The History of Virginia, New England, and Bermuda. 1624
- (6) An Accidence for young Seamen 1626
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(3) *The Decades of the New World, etc.*, by PIETRO MARTIRE [PETRUS MARTYR], translated by RICHARD EDEN, and printed in 1555. *The Third English Book on America*. SHAKESPEARE obtained the character of CALIBAN from this Work

A List of 837 London Publishers, 1553-1640.

This Master Key to English Bibliography for the period also gives the approximate period that each Publisher was in business.

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In 1524 TINDALE went from London to Hamburgh, where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne; and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on WOLSEY, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see p. 19], he began this first edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament.

A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing, but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and ROY fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses*. Both editions were probably in England by March, 1526

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to, and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London

In the *Preface*, the original documents are given intact, in connection with

Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament, viz, in Quarto and Octavo—

- I. WILLIAM TINDALE's antecedent career
- II. The Printing at Cologne.
- III. The Printing at Worms.
- IV. WILLIAM ROY's connection with these Editions
- V. The landing and distribution in England
- VI. The persecution in England

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

- I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526
- II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of *Matthew* printed previous to that year.
- III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto
Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER's German Version?
Text. The prologge Inner Marginal References. Outer Marginal Glosses.

* * * For a continuation of this Story see G JOY's *Apology* at p. 25

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